

The Nation

VOL. XXIX., No. 18.]

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1921.

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Events of the Week.

THE effort to deal with the fearful famine in the Volga provinces will, we hope, take vigorous shape in this country in a few days. Its general course is, indeed, mapped out for it by what has happened in Russia. There the organization of relief has been made non-political, and the All Russian Famine Relief Committee, now meeting in Moscow, with Kameneff as Chairman, includes all parties—ex-Tsarist Ministers, members of the Kerensky Government, and bankers of the old régime, as well as Communists—and acts under the Red Cross. A similar approach has taken place here, Mr. Leslie Urquhart associating himself with members of the Labor Party like Colonel Wedgwood. The help of the Churches, coming through the good offices of the Primate and the Nonconformist leaders, will, of course, be equally neutral and humanitarian in character. August is a bad month in which to start a great appeal of charity, but we must apply energy to the difficulties of the hour.

THE Government continue to describe the peace negotiation with Ireland in fairly hopeful language, and also with proper firmness towards people like Lord Salisbury, who, speaking for nobody in particular, regard it as "shameful." Lord Birkenhead (*quantum mutatus!*), repudiating any feeling of shame for the crime of talking to Irish statesmen, made two declarations. The first was a plain hint that if an Irish settlement were turned down in Parliament, the country would be appealed to. The second was that the Government had not presented Ireland with terms to take or to leave, but with proposals for which the Government were "willing to take responsibility." In other words, the Ministerial tenders are not an ultimatum, but a thing to debate about. As to their form, it may be presumed that they apply equally to North and South; in other words, that Ireland is offered, through its most powerful leader, the freedom of a Dominion. The precise measure of this offer is variously stated. Sinn Fein seems to fear,

we do not know on what grounds, that there are modifications; and, in effect, that only fiscal autonomy is tendered. We cannot think this; and we hope that at this stage Sinn Fein will not withdraw to a merely critical position. Two points especially exercise it. It disclaims the coercion of Ulster. But it insists that Ulster's self-determination cannot be declared through the Partition Act, but should be arrived at either by county *plébiscites* or by reverting to the geographical area of Ulster. The second difficulty is military force in free Ireland. Considering what she has suffered under the rule of the subaltern, it is not strange that Ireland wants to see no military power in Ireland which is not under the control of the civil authorities.

THE Master of the Rolls in Ireland in making absolute conditional orders of *habeas corpus* in the cases of John Egan and Patrick Higgins, sentenced to death by military courts, delivered a considered judgment of the highest importance, at variance with the judgment of the King's Bench Division in the Allen case. The Master of the Rolls has decided that the military court which assumed jurisdiction has no legal status, and that the death sentence awarded has no sanction in law. Under the Restoration of Order in Ireland Act, Parliament laid down regulations to constitute courts-martial to try offences punishable by death, and enacted that the same punishments should be awarded to crimes tried by these courts-martial as are assigned by statute or common law. The military chose to disregard these regulations and to try their prisoners by military courts, fixing their own punishments. This view of the military has been sustained by the King's Bench Division, and prisoners executed in accordance with it. It is at the moment under review in the House of Lords, and has now been rejected by the Master of the Rolls.

MEANWHILE, we are bound to protest against the irritation power which military rule in Ireland keeps up at this critical moment. In County Wexford, for example, the military censor's industry is omnivorous. We find that he excluded from the local Press:—

- (1) Parliamentary questions dealing with the arrest and ill-treatment of prisoners.
- (2) Passages from speeches of Mr. Asquith and Sir John Simon.
- (3) Criticism of the Partition Act.
- (4) Criticism of Lord Carson.
- (5) The names of persons arrested in the district.
- (6) Particulars from an official *communiqué* from G.H.Q.
- (7) Leading articles from the "Times" and the "Daily News."
- (8) Proposals at a Poor Law Guardians' meeting not to put into operation compulsory provisions of the Vaccination Act.

THERE is no real improvement in the relations of the British and French Governments after the acute tension of recent weeks. After four months' delay, M. Briand

has at last nominally consented to a meeting of the Supreme Council to deal with Upper Silesia. On his side Lord Curzon has agreed at last to a probably useless preliminary meeting of experts in Paris. This, however, only begins the approach to an understanding. The French, who had, entirely on their own account and against the expressed wish of our Government, applied to the Germans for transit facilities to carry a fresh division of French troops to Silesia, met with a rebuff which has nettled them. Berlin inquired whether France made her request in the name of all the Allies. The Treaty imposes many unwelcome obligations on her, but she is not at the beck and call of each victor, acting singly. As Lord Curzon still maintained his objection to the despatch of troops, M. Briand had to consent to the meeting of the Council. But apparently the French insist on a preliminary British agreement that the troops shall be sent. The French argue that troops must be on the spot to enforce whatever allocation of territory the Council may determine. Unfortunately, French troops will be useful only if the decision goes against Germany. For in no case will they act against Poles. There is, therefore, no reason to hope that the Allies are any nearer to an agreement on the real matter in dispute—the disposal of Silesia itself.

THE Greek victories in Asia Minor turn out to have been overwhelming. Not only were the strong positions of Kutahia and Eskishehr captured, but the road seems to be open to Angora, the capital of the Kemalists Turks, which they are said to be evacuating. The Turks, it is true, claim successes on both wings, but the scenes of these two achievements seem to be too far from the line of the Greek drive at the centre to have any influence upon it strategically. The Greeks claim the large number of 150,000 prisoners, with many guns, and if this is true their victory may be decisive, unless after long delay the Turks can raise another army. The political effect of the campaign can scarcely be happy, for we hardly suppose that the Kemalists will consent even now to sign away Smyrna and Thrace. If in the end they could not fight on, they might disappear for a time and leave to the puppet Government in Constantinople the burden of signing an onerous peace, which they would later disavow. But we are not yet at this stage, and it must be remembered that the Greeks run risks as they advance into the inhospitable interior of Anatolia. The Turks, who attach great importance to their understandings with Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan, have the sense that they are fighting the battle of the East against Western Imperialism, and men in this mood do not yield easily, even when they have to retreat. Their movement, though not in the least Socialist, is revolutionary in temper and origin.

THE negotiations between Adly Pasha and Lord Curzon appear to be making tolerable progress. On such capital points as the abolition of the Protectorate, the establishment of responsible government in Egypt, and a Treaty of Alliance between Egypt and this country there is substantial agreement, on the lines laid down in the Milner Report. The abolition of the Capitulations is also agreed, subject, of course, to the assent of the fourteen Powers concerned. The real danger of the situation is the demand of the War Office for the retention of British garrisons in Egypt. Lord Milner insisted that Great Britain must guard her communica-

tions, i.e., the Suez Canal, a contention which both Zaghoul and Adly Pashas fully accepted. But protection of communications is one thing, and what would be in effect a continuance of military occupation another. The distinction is not quite so clear-cut as it looks, because, as Lord Milner himself conceded, protection of the Canal, to be effective, cannot be confined to the occupation of its banks. But if that makes the claims of the soldiers the more specious, it makes it the more essential to insist that not one acre of Egyptian soil shall be occupied, and not one British private stationed there, beyond what is absolutely vital for the sole purpose of protecting communications. To go an inch beyond that would be a gross and unpardonable breach of faith that would bring the present negotiations to a disastrous end.

LORD CURZON'S statement of Tuesday about Persia was, in effect, an elegy upon that country. His tone was one of deep sorrow and dignified gloom, but, at the risk of seeming irreverent, it was hard to repress a smile on reading it, for it is evident that in the Foreign Secretary's eyes the chief misfortune of Persia is that she has lost his guidance. He evidently regards the breach between himself and her as irreparable. The Anglo-Persian Agreement, which, in effect, made this country a British Protectorate, has now completely lapsed. Our troops, officers, and advisers are withdrawing; the loan of £2,000,000 will never be granted; and the Indian Government will do nothing further for the South Persian Force. In short, Persia, whatever she may make of it, has attained the reality of independence. Lord Curzon draws the worst auguries from her new intimacy with Russia, and it remains to be seen whether Moscow will use its influence wisely. Apparently Lord Curzon has learned nothing from this unpleasant experience. Patronage, protection, and tutelage may be well-meant, as the condescension of the great sometimes is. But it is rarely welcomed, especially when the patron is rewarding his own benevolence by accepting from his ward, who has no choice in the matter, sundry concessions and other financial advantages. The Bolsheviks won their popularity by surrendering all the Russian concessions, without even asking to be compensated for the material sunk in them.

THE acceptance of Japan, after a rather prolonged discussion of its scope, has at last been given to Mr. Harding's Far Eastern Conference. Her first idea was apparently to try to exclude such inconvenient subjects as *Shantung* as *choses jugées*. Later she had the happier inspiration of extending the agenda. If the United States wanted to talk about China, she would raise the subject of emigration, and might also urge the admission of Mexico and Holland to the Conference. Washington has decided that the whole proceedings of the Conference shall be public, so that nothing shall remain of the old Wilsonian technique. One subject, however, neither Japan nor America will raise—the aggressions of the former in Siberia. Neither Russia nor the Far Eastern Republic will be allowed any status at the Conference. The effect of this will, of course, be that in proportion as Japan may be hampered in her expansion in China, the more resolutely will she throw herself upon Siberia.

RATIFICATIONS of the Hungarian Peace Treaty have at last been exchanged, and save for the big exception of Turkey, the work of Paris is now completed. Hungary has passed under three forms of government since the

Armistice—the democratic Republic, the Communist dictatorship, and the monarchy without a king. The reaction remains as oppressive as ever, and persecution of every form of Socialist or Trade Union activity continues, with the suppression of the Jews. Admiral Horthy's terrorist troops are still active, and suspects disappear by the score, to be identified some days later as corpses in the Danube. The only hopeful symptom is the growth of the small peasants' and laborers' movement, and its gradual emancipation from reactionary and clerical leadership. Bad as the Treaty is in itself, we trust that the two territorial changes which are still due under it will be carried out. The Serbs must give up the Pecs coalfield, which is properly Magyar. The Magyars must at last hand over to Austria the "Burgenland," the strip of purely German territory, valuable for the food supply of Vienna, which lies along the frontier. We note an article in the "Temps" advising the Magyars, who, as the most reactionary among their late enemies, are also the most sympathetic to the French, to be in no hurry to observe this portion of the Treaty. Treaties mean nothing to Paris, if they happen to benefit any section, even the most harmless, of the German race.

THE Spaniards have suffered one of those terrific reverses on the Riff coast of Morocco which seem to recur at intervals of many years. The tribes rose against them, and were joined by revolted native regiments. Though the Spanish troops numbered over 15,000 men, they were opposed by a much larger force, well armed with rifles, and even with some artillery. Isolated detachments were overwhelmed, and retreating battalions ambushed in the mountains. A general, with three of his staff, committed suicide after giving the order to retreat. Rumor, which probably exaggerates, says that, save for those who have shut themselves up in Melilla, not many of the Spanish Army have escaped. The town itself seems to be safe, since reinforcements have arrived by sea, but it is packed with settlers who lost everything before they fled. Presumably, as on former occasions, a big army will be despatched to reconquer the country, and the slaughter will be more than repaid. But, as usual in Spain, searching questions are being asked by all the unorthodox parties as to the justification for retaining the last barren rocks of the ancient Spanish Empire.

MR. BORAH, who often hews out paths for the policy of the Republican Party, suggested to the Senate on Monday that the debts of the Allies to the United States should be used as a lever to induce us to disarm. The argument is simple and difficult to meet. If we can afford to waste our money on armaments, we ought to be able to meet our debts. Mr. Borah talked effectively about the size of the French Army, but even more effectively about the cost of the British Army and Fleet and our waste in Mesopotamia. He even argued that the American taxpayer was paying for these European armaments. So he would leave the debts "subject to call" for use at Washington. It is significant that the American Treasury announces that all negotiations for the funding of these debts have ceased, and "will not be reopened until about the time the Washington Disarmament Conference meets." This may be good, if rather harsh strategy, but we wish Washington would use it against the causes of armaments, and not merely against the armaments themselves. Meanwhile, Mr. Lloyd George announces that our four new post-war super-Dreadnoughts are being laid down without waiting for the Conference. This reduces the chances of any limita-

tion to very modest limits, and looks unpleasantly like a defiance. What is the haste? What naval enemy forbids us to wait three months longer?

THE critical stage of the Assam coolies' trouble was ended, the Indian papers reveal, mainly through the vigorous relief measures undertaken by the Indian leaders in Calcutta and Eastern Bengal. A relief fund of some 30,000 rupees was raised, large quantities of rice were supplied, and river steamers secured for the transport of the refugees to the railway junctions. One group of Calcutta organizers, led by Mr. S. R. Das, a well-known Bengali Liberal, was particularly successful, as was shown by the removal of 1,500 of the hapless people from Chandpur in a single steamer journey. When the returning laborers reached their own provinces, they were assisted by the local Governments, but reports from the villages speak of their miserable plight among their own people. Some will probably be absorbed by other industries; others, it is likely, may be driven by hunger and homelessness back to the tea-gardens. The Governors of Bengal and Assam both decline to admit the existence of grievances in the gardens, and lay the whole blame of the exodus upon Mr. Gandhi and his lieutenants in the non-co-operation movement.

WE hope that a very clear explanation will be required of the Government concerning the charges made in the Norwegian *Storthing* that it is in the habit of sending "officially inspired" news to Norway, apparently through the ordinary Press agencies. Indeed, the "Times" quotes from the "Morgenblad" a telegram which bears the familiar affix "Reuter," and is practically an official complaint of the "unscrupulous" attacks of the Northcliffe Press on Mr. George and Lord Curzon, and a statement, quite in the Georgian vein, that these were due to Lord Northcliffe's "personal ambitions." We imagine that during the war, Reuter, like other Press agencies, came under Government control, but we and the public suppose it to be now under private ownership and direction. It is of the first importance to know what the facts are; for the independence of the Press and the purity of its sources of information are at stake. Is the Government surreptitiously entering the field of the foreign news agency, covering it with defences of its policy, and of the acts of individual Ministers, and rebuking and "exposing" its critics? If so, how is this service described? How and under what estimate is it charged?

WE are bound to draw attention to the appeal issued as we go to press by an extremely powerful and representative body of manufacturers, merchants, and shipowners of the United Kingdom, enforcing the famous Bankers' Manifesto of May last, in favor of industry, public economy, personal thrift—and free trade. It defines the prime necessities of the nation as follows:—

"An immediate and drastic reduction of expenditure is of vital importance.

"The freeing of our trade and industry from the trammels imposed by the war is not less essential.

"The interference with our commerce, whether by Parliament or by the Administration, must be stayed at once.

"But it is perhaps even more important that the inhabitants of this country should be impressed with the absolute need for greater industry and greater thrift so that the wealth annihilated by the war may be restored. Such restoration can only be accomplished by earning more and spending less."

Politics and Affairs.

THE CASE OF DR. ADDISON.

THE case of Dr. Addison calls for the examination of the curious. In its fashion it is a sport in politics, a veritable freak of the Georgian period, affording the only known example of a Ministerial resignation on principle. Dr. Addison himself was of an unusual type, for he was a fine specimen of that rare and disappearing species, the Georgian Liberal. He had enthusiasm, like his chief. If not a man of constructive gifts, or of a business-like mind, neither was Mr. George. But Dr. Addison had been a life-long student, even a devotee, of the great science of health. And the Mr. George of the first post-war period was all for public health. He was almost for a Socialist State. Henceforth, said Mr. George, there was to be an Imperial race, seated in homes fit for heroes to dwell in. Mere municipalism was not equal to the task; the housing of such a people must be a "national concern." Who fitter than Dr. Addison, an old "chum" of the Prime Minister, and spiritually at home with him, to achieve it?

So Dr. Addison, having been himself housed as Hygeia, was set to provide homes for the people, and "urged," as he says, to the work, in the double interest of the heroes and the unemployed. He, in turn, applied the spur to the local authorities. He applied it so well that in due time he got from them 166,000 signed contracts for houses under a pledge of recoupment by the British Government. Four months later, the same Government had made these pledges, or a good proportion of them, derelict. The houses, indeed, had not appeared in great abundance; but there were plenty of roads and sewers. Now, in Dr. Addison's expressive language, the roads have become "monuments of housing in grass-grown streets." As for the sewers, they can be used to wash Mr. George's scraps of paper into the sea, for other value they will have none. How many of the houses will ever be built we cannot say, but Sir Alfred Mond's obscuring statement suggests that by a great effort spread over a great number of years some 175,000 may come into being, in place of Mr. George's original estimate of 500,000, and Dr. Addison's reduced figure of 300,000. But the authorities have bought 27,000 acres of land for future operations, and these, we suppose, will be sold to anybody who will buy. Meanwhile, Dr. Addison informs us that some of the "heroes" have built under the subsidy, having been allowed up to June, 1922, to earn it. If they have still to earn it by the first of this month, it will be cancelled, and, says Dr. Addison, they will be ruined. Then there are the slums. That is a dirty name for about the dirtiest thing in England, and one of its meanings is that there are about 180,000 houses in this country unfit for the habitation of men. Dr. Addison tells us that, like most housing reformers, he tried to patch them, and failed. They ought not to be patched; they ought to be burned, like Sodom. However, Sir Alfred Mond, who is believed to be fairly well housed himself, will find the means of patching one in eighteen slum dwellings over a period of from 40 to 60 years, thus redeeming about one of the Government's obligations out of every five it had contracted with the local authorities. In specific areas not a stick or a stone will be laid. Take Middlesbrough. In that town, says Mr. Thomson, its member, there are 4,558 houses, badly overcrowded, and 2,792, mostly two-bedroomed, each occupied by two families. Now, under the withdrawal of the subsidy, not a single new house will be built. And the Minister who, as far as we can see,

labored at his task with honest devotion, and when it was scrapped before his eyes, resigned his office and abandoned all hope of favor under the Coalition, is told by the Prime Minister that he is unbusinesslike, and that having touted for an Opposition feast, he could not complain. Had he not enjoyed his fatted calf at the trifling cost of a month's salary? Such was the Prime Minister's valediction on his old friend. Reading it, one wonders whether Mr. George regards any tie save that of his political convenience, or whether the written law counts with him any more than the unwritten one of loyalty and friendship. Like the holy apes of Benares, he seems to think himself able to do exactly as he pleases.

For it is clear that though building has been at no time a promising proposition since the war, it was an improving one at the moment when the housing programme was destroyed. Costs of labor and material were going down, "war-weariness" was abating, and peace had been declared between employers and employed. Dr. Addison's plan was obviously open to objection. The local authority had too small an incentive to economy, for its contribution was limited to the produce of a penny rate; the builder had none at all, for his profit rose with his wages-bill. It is quite possible that the State is not the kind of body to enter, even indirectly, on a great building operation. But Mr. George had a soul above housing plans and theories. He was perorizing on homes for heroes, and making the money flow in Mesopotamia and Red Russia. What, then, unseated Dr. Addison? Not waste, though John Bull was being bled at every pore, but the success of the anti-waste campaign. A storm burst in the constituencies so sudden and so violent as to threaten the existence of the Government. A force had been applied to expenditure which all the protests against the insanity in Mesopotamia and the devastating cruelty of the Russian aids and expeditions had failed to awaken. So the ship's course was changed, and tub after tub thrown to the pursuing whale. There had been great cuts in the services of education and public health. Now twenty millions, and an order of release from the Wages Boards, were tossed to the farmers as a sop for the withdrawal of the Corn Production Act. The obnoxious Dr. Addison was first removed from the Ministry of Health, and an "economist" put in his place; then docked of more than half his salary; and finally given notice to quit. The road was then clear for the abandonment of the housing policy. There is no necessity to suppose that Mr. George has changed his mind about housing; in other words, that he is less vaguely idealistic than is his wont about doing politically profitable things for the people. The Prime Minister is an Autolycus who takes himself in quite as cleverly as the bumpkins who listen to him. He simply does not possess the union of character and intellectual forethought which impels a really great public man first to examine the nature of a complicated proposition (such as is the reform of our shamefully neglected housing), and then to give the resulting policy a steady moral adherence. He was warned that if he threw away two hundred millions in Eastern Europe and Asia, the day would come when he might have to scrape for two hundred thousand a year for the slums. To the moral appeal Mr. George made no response whatever. But the moment the anti-wastrel band knocked at his door he surrendered. The captain went over to the mutineers, tipping the "black spot" to the honest first officer who declined to make a course for Skeleton Island.

It seems to us that something more than a well-meaning, if rather defective, housing programme is lost to England, as the price of such leadership as this. For

the habit of zeal and continuity in her service will disappear before the continual proof that the chief of her Executive declines to see a colleague through a tight place. Dr. Addison is, as we have said, the first of Mr. George's associates in the Cabinet to have resigned on principle. But that is not to say that it is the first case of principle that has arisen. The Prime Minister, indeed, scoffs at the idea that a Minister resigns for other reasons than notoriety or self-indulgent vanity, and chaffs the Opposition for making the accustomed party score out of such an event. In such cynical asides the people learn the lesson of Sir Alfred Mond's promotion and Dr. Addison's failure, and discover that politics is a game, and sheer opportunism expected to be the rule of an official's life. All we can say is that if the nation want the service of the crooked knee, they can get it, and see where an unreserved reliance on ambition in their public men will lead them. It is disgusting to see Mr. George's "heroes" left without their roof-trees; but it is a still worse thing for England that honest intellect among its administrative statesmen and civil servants should not know where to lay its head.

SILESIA AND THE ANGLO-FRENCH ENTENTE.

It has been claimed, and with some reason, that the Allies, with their frequent councils of Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries, introduced a new technique into the intercourse of States. Governments were learning to confer directly, and the old cumbersome procedure of notes and conversations through Ambassadors was falling into disuse. In principle this claim is sound: the new procedure avoids many possibilities of misunderstanding, and it should be much more expeditious than the old. There is one reservation, however, to be made about it. Like every other form of procedure, it works well only when the chief persons concerned desire it. In recent months it has broken down, for the simple reason that the French Government evidently desired neither consultation nor co-operation with its Allies. Four months have gone by since the *plébiscite* was held which should have settled the fate of Upper Silesia. That question remains exactly where the vote of the Silesian population left it at the end of March. There has been a Polish rising, a sort of civil war between Polish insurgents and the German self-defence corps, a Polish reign of terror marked by sieges, requisitions, mass arrests, and murders, and in the disorder many Italian and a few British and French troops have lost their lives. The material loss through the stoppage of industry must have been considerable, and the moral damage through the exasperation of race feeling more serious still.

From first to last we have never been able to understand the motives which have led the French, while professing to desire an early decision, to postpone the means of reaching it. The vote had been recorded: the local Allied Commission had made its report: the sequel, according to the Treaty, should have been an immediate decision of the Supreme Council, allotting to Germans and Poles their respective portions of the province. There is at last a prospect, after four dangerous months of delay, that the Supreme Council will meet early in August. Whether there is an equally good chance that it will come to any unanimous decision remains to be seen. The French, ignoring the objections of the British Government to any further despatch of troops to Silesia, had on their own account summoned the German Government to provide the means of transit.

Its polite but searching inquiry, whether the French, in making this request, were speaking in the name of the Allies, seems to have suggested to Paris that isolated action may have its inconveniences, even its dangers. To our thinking, it matters little whether the force of occupation numbers two divisions or only one, nor does one Commission of experts more or less matter much more. A small force would be enough, if the Poles really believed that it would act at need against them. As for the experts, we imagine that every official bureau, like every newspaper office, has its shelves cumbered for months past with the maps, statistics, pleadings, accusations, and replies of both sides. Everything is known that need be known. What is wanted is a decision of the Supreme Council on the basis of the vote.

The root of the difficulty over Upper Silesia was that the Allies at Versailles assumed that there must be a partition. They even went so far, in drawing the boundaries of the *plébiscite* area, as to leave outside it the indisputably German area. Had the whole province, a recognized historical and economic unit, voted, the German majority, it is now clear, would have been nearly 75 per cent., and no one would have proposed partition. As it is, in consequence of the exclusion of the most German area, the result looks rather indecisive, though even 60 per cent. is a fair majority when one recollects how unfavorable to Germany were the conditions of the vote. Pursuing the idea of partition, the Allies go on separating and dividing. The west is clearly German: the south-east (Rybnik and Pless) as clearly Polish. So one reaches the conundrum: what is to be done with the central industrial area, in which, if you separate it, the German majority is quite a small one, and the solidly German towns are often surrounded by Polish rural parishes? The British and Italians would hand it over (with some small frontier rectifications) to Germany, while the French would give it all to Poland.

The process of splitting up has been, we think, a mistake from the first. It may produce an economic paralysis by separating steel works from coal mines, and both from water and electricity. If it is too late to reverse it, then, as the less of two evils, the Anglo-Italian thesis deserves to prevail. A majority is a majority in such cases, even when it is a small one. It is a pity that a minority of Poles must be left under German rule. But it would be a far greater mischief to transfer a German majority to Polish rule. Under German rule the industries and the coal pits will continue to prosper: the workers will enjoy a good system of social legislation and the best education obtainable in Europe. Under Polish rule one gravely fears that the industries would soon be ruined, and the skilled German workers gradually driven out by persecution, not to mention their loss by coming under a bankrupt, backward, ramshackle social system. In any event, we cannot forget that while the Poles have profited by their racial claims to draw many millions of non-Poles within their Empire the Germans have already lost a good million of their race to Poland, and three millions to Tchecho-Slovakia. Such amputations were terrible and unpardonable enough when they were done in hot blood at Versailles, but they would be a cold-blooded cruelty to-day. The reasons which are, we imagine, decisive for official France are all of them for us most excellent reasons for voting the other way. No sane party in this country wishes to hamper the industrial recovery of Germany, to lessen her ability to meet her heavy obligations, or to retrench the area influenced by her civilization. Nor are any of us eager to strengthen the power of the Polish Republic, the most reckless militarist State in Europe. As little can we wish that these coalfields

should come under the control of French finance, which seems by its plans against Silesia and the Ruhr to aim at a Continental monopoly. We incline to the view that the main concern of official France is to obtain in the industries and coalfields of a Polish Upper Silesia a pledge for the millions which it has spent, and proposes in the future to spend, upon equipping a standing Polish army of 600,000 men. For our part, if we could influence the Washington Conference we would urge, first and foremost, the disarmament of the Poles.

The sustained refusal of the French to consent to any meeting of the Supreme Council has resulted in an accumulation of issues, of which Upper Silesia is only one. Three months have passed since Dr. Wirth's Cabinet, the best Government that Germany has ever had, accepted the London Ultimatum, and executed all its terms with prompt good faith. None the less, all the "sanctions" by which it was imposed are still in force. By every ordinary rule of peaceful intercourse, the Allied troops should at once have quitted the occupied towns, and the customs barrier which shuts off the Rhineland from the rest of Germany should have been removed. It is well known that the British and Italian Governments were for this course: it is only France which perpetuates the sanctions. Clearly there is more in this than the now habitual tendency to assert the harsher view, against British and Italian wishes, on every possible occasion. A part of the French Press argues plainly that the customs barrier should be maintained permanently, and in so doing, it avowedly hopes to take a long step towards the final separation of the Rhineland from Germany. We do not admire the skill with which British and Italian diplomacy allows itself to be manœuvred by the French into partial realizations of schemes to which it is firmly opposed. As little do we understand its tameness, in the face of tactics from Paris which have shown no regard for the code of good manners, to say nothing of the code of good faith. Unless it shows both firmness and resource in handling the questions of the Rhineland and Silesia, the whole outlook in Central Europe may easily become more aggravated than it has been at any time since the Armistice. For the moment Germany has a Government at once pacific and progressive. But if its loyalty and goodwill should be rewarded by further encroachments on the Rhineland, and by a less than fair decision in Silesia, it is tolerably certain that German public opinion will swing to the opposite pole. An obstinate nationalist Government in Berlin would soon give the French a pretext for seizing the Ruhr. French militarism, unremittingly pursuing its destructive and insensate policy of German disintegration, would then have secured its prey. And there would be an end of the Anglo-French Entente.

But if France is heavily, and we fear fatally, in the wrong in Europe, there is not much to be said for our own proceedings in the Near and Middle East. The French may acquiesce in the arrangement which has very nearly converted Constantinople and the Straits into another Gibraltar or Suez, but their newspapers show that they are sore about it, and with good reason. The régime at the Straits is not even nominally international: it is nominally an Allied, really a British, custody. Our support of the Greeks has prolonged the war in Turkey, with all the waste and more than the usual cruelty of all war. Finally—and this is, perhaps, the sorest point of all for the French—we have selected their especial opponent, the Emir Feisal, to be King of Mesopotamia, while we have installed his brother, Abdullah, on the edge of their Syrian sphere in Transjordan. If this

family is going to lead the Pan-Arabic movement, no wonder the French feel uncomfortable in Syria. From our own point of view, the French claim to exploit Syria is as objectionable as our own ambition to "protect" Mesopotamia for the sake of its oil. But when two Allies embark by mutual consent on a course of Imperialism, it is not decent that they should get so obtrusively in each other's way. The French desire peace in Asia, our diplomacy works for it in Europe. Let the pacific halves of two mixed policies prevail.

THE GOVERNMENT AND CIVIL RIGHTS.

WE are glad to see that a Committee has been formed to vindicate the right to free speech. This Committee waited on Mr. Shortt last week, but did not get much satisfaction out of him. This is not surprising. We do not imagine that Lord Henry Bentinck and his friends expected the Government to turn liberal at the mere request of a group of Members of Parliament who represent no powerful vested interest. Those Britons who know enough of their history or care enough about freedom to appreciate the grave issues that are at stake will have to organize themselves much more effectively and much more seriously before they will make an impression on Ministers. The Opposition Parties will have to throw themselves into the campaign, and the lawyers who are associated with these parties, as well as those who are not actively associated with any party, should play in this crisis the part that Erskine and Romilly played in a similar crisis a century ago. For the prosecutions for sedition, and the use made of the emergency legislation of the war, raising, as they do, questions of great importance, have received far too little notice, and we are quietly relapsing into a system of repression which may have lasting results. We are not referring to Ireland, the *Uloaca Maxima* of injustice and tyranny; we are referring to things happening on British soil.

What must strike everyone who looks round the world is that there never was a more inopportune revival of this system. The war has caused acute distress over most of Europe, and all the conditions that favor revolution are present. One great State has been governed for four years on a novel system that seems monstrous to half Europe, and seemed dangerously attractive at first to the other half. The rulers who represent the old world and the established ideas about property have made such a chaos of Europe that any rival system might seem promising in comparison. Such a situation is naturally full of danger, and the demand for statesmanship and foresight is unusually urgent. Now Great Britain, as it happens, occupies a peculiar and most advantageous position. It has been common talk on the Continent that though there may be revolution anywhere else, there will not be revolution in England. This expectation, based partly on her history, partly on her character, partly on her institutions, has been confirmed by the experience of three industrial crises through which the nation has passed without disturbance. A million miners have endured serious privations for several weeks without any disorder. The collapse of the Triple Alliance alone showed conclusively how immense are the difficulties confronting, in this conservative society, any attempt to exercise collective pressure by the workers. The events of the last two years prove to the slowest mind that the habit and outlook of the workers of this country are the best guarantee

against revolution, and the real danger is not that they may be seduced by agitators, but that they may be provoked by their rulers into violent courses. And, as at the other end of Europe the rival system was displaying its power by a repression as rigorous as that of the oldest and most discredited of European despotisms, the British Government had a rare opportunity of providing a spectacular contrast. "Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live." Milton's appeal never had a more obvious application. Under conditions the most favorable to a revolutionary temper, the British people had shown remarkable patience. The British Government had only to live up to the British tradition of using less domestic coercion than other nations, in order to give another object lesson to the world of the excellence of its institutions. A Government that combated the power of revolution by giving wise reforms and letting the advocates of this new order speak their minds, would have done a conspicuous service to the ideas for which our Government supposed itself to be on guard.

As it is, it has taken precisely the opposite course. It has done its best to convince the workers that Parliament can do nothing for them, and it has punished as seditious all agitations on behalf of the rival creed of Communism. We do not share the views of the Communists, and we note in the pages where their views are expressed a tendency to rely on force and authority which is not calculated to prepossess any who care at all for freedom. Swift said that a man changes his politics for the same reason that he changes his side when he is ill in bed: he has no great confidence that he will feel any better, but the mere change is a relief. We do not think that the teaching of the Communists will incline the most disgusted and weary English worker to seek the Bolshevik solution of his troubles, unless he is forbidden to know what it is. But, in any case, to treat Communist propaganda now as Sidmouth treated Jacobin propaganda a century ago, is not less foolish or less wrong: it is more foolish and more wrong. Sidmouth's policy was perfectly consistent. He wanted to have a working class that was shut out alike from political rights and from trade union rights, and from the right to education. With such a population and such a philosophy there was nothing inconsistent in punishing severely any man who tried to put his views before the workers. But our present Ministers would disclaim any desire to disfranchise the workers; and though they would like to withdraw some of their rights as trade unionists, they certainly would not dare to re-enact the Combination Laws. They would not close the schools. What they say in effect to the workers is this: "Rich men who are reactionaries may say what they please; they may preach sedition; they may preach the class war; they may go to any lengths in denouncing India or Ireland or any statesmen who want to introduce reforms in those countries; not a word will be said to them. But if poor men begin to preach Communism; to preach a different class war; to talk red sedition instead of white sedition, they will be clapped into prison. We allow you to have votes; we allow you to have trade unions; we allow you to have schools; but we do not allow you to listen to opinions that we think bad for you."

Will anybody who knows anything about the state of India at this moment pretend that the "Morning Post" has not done infinitely more mischief in its agitation over Amritsar than the National Labor Press did in printing an appeal to workers to strike on behalf of the miners—an appeal that had no result whatever? Two men were imprisoned and fined last May, and the Press was fined by the

Stipendiary Magistrate of Salford, for publishing this pamphlet. (The Stipendiary Magistrate of Liverpool, it is to be noted, dismissed a similar case.) The Recorder of Salford dismissed an appeal from this verdict last week on the ground that though the Emergency Powers Act, under which this prosecution took place, professed to safeguard the right peacefully to persuade to strike, this does not include a strike against the Government.

This seems to us a very arbitrary interpretation, but in any case the motive of the prosecution is clear. A number of men have been sent to prison for expressing opinions and preaching doctrines which are not more mischievous and dangerous to order than other opinions and other doctrines that are expressed and preached quite freely, just because the former are opinions and doctrines that are specially disliked by the champions of the rights of property. And the powers that have been taken by the Government under D.O.R.A., and various Acts, such as the Irish Coercion Act and the Emergency Powers Act, have been used without scruple. Mr. Shortt claimed the right some time ago to abolish Habeas Corpus in England under the Irish Coercion Act, and his claim was upheld on Monday by the Appeal Court. We are glad to note that Mr. Justice Scrutton held that this claim was invalid on the ground that the Act under which Ministers have imprisoned and deported persons on English soil did not mention England. This seems to us a juster way of interpreting the Statute than the view of the two other judges that the Act included England, because it did not formally exclude it. In the bad days of the coercion under Pitt, and again under Sidmouth, the Government were pulled up by one or two courageous juries, a few independent judges, and a resolute group of men in Parliament. Sir Gordon Hewart and his colleagues have now brought English justice into the same plight.

If there were in the House of Commons an enthusiasm for liberty comparable to the enthusiasm for property that inspires the anti-waste crusade, this dangerous reaction would be checked. But what is most surprising is that any set of men should be so blind to the teaching of history as to suppose that such methods can make the world safe for property.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THERE are many people, not all calling themselves Liberals, bent on seeing the Liberal Party enter the next battle of the polls in as efficient a state as possible. To that end, a revived and active leadership is clearly necessary. How is that to be obtained? The present position does not obviously make for it. Mr. Asquith delivers impressive speeches in the country and in the House of Commons, but he is not a regular Parliamentary leader. That work is done—and in the latest example of the Industries Bill, very well done—by Sir Donald Maclean. Then there is the marshalling of all the available forces. Lately, for example, it has been proposed to bring Lord Grey back to the front fighting line; and it is tolerably certain that Lord Robert Cecil would then step to his side as an acknowledged ally. Finally, there is the question of programme. Those who desire a revived and rejuvenated leadership also think that it will never do for the Liberal Party to go into the second post-war election without a definite lead of principle and method on the industrial

problem. I do not know that these movements and ideas have as yet come to any great fruition. They have not been greatly encouraged. But they will not cease, for the party feels an impulse to life, and to a share in the country's future, which cannot be denied.

As for the Prime Minister, I can only testify to the general belief that even his formal Liberalism draws to an end. He is a threatened man—threatened by the new Tory concentration, the sallies of Lord Birkenhead, the anti-wastrels, and the legislative failure. No man can speak definitely till he knows whether there will be an Irish settlement or no, and Mr. George elects to play his part for or against the Prince of Peace. In the former case, he can at least continue to use the Liberal language; in the latter it is barred. But in either event the shock-revelation of a pacified or a war-racked Ireland opens out (as the Lord Chancellor admits) the prospect of a general election. Where, then, will Mr. George stand? In the most favorable case there can be no Liberal Party united and ready for his leadership. But there is, or there will be, a Tory Party, and though here some surprise eggs may be in incubation, Mr. George's gift for hatching that kind of thing out has not deserted him. His ablest rival will be in the Lords; and only his least popular one in the Commons. He has the power and the patronage to wield against them both, and his superior political genius to match against the cleverness of Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Churchill, or the more marked inferiority of lesser men. I predict, therefore, a second Disraelian leadership.

Now that drink, coal, railways, shipping, and agriculture have all been more or less released from their State shackles, I suppose it is natural that the Cabinet, too, should wish to be decontrolled, which I take to be the governing motive of the Prime Minister's quasi-Cromwellian project of sending Parliament packing for some four or five months. On this as on every other subject, I gather, Ministers are divided. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Curzon, and now Mr. Chamberlain have plainly hinted their conviction that an autumn session may have to come, especially if the hoped-for settlement with Ireland is to take a statutory form. By what process of reasoning can Mr. Lloyd George have reached a different conclusion? Does he meditate an election in the recess? If so, the move would be a variation of an earlier *coup*, but a *coup* that proved suicidal—the Balfour resignation in the middle of the recess of 1905; not an encouraging precedent. Meanwhile, the session itself is stretching out, and there may be no end to its tether if, when the Anti-Dumping Bill leaves the Commons for the Lords, the Speaker should be unable to certify that hotch-potch as a Money Bill. If so, the Lords again become an almost vital factor in our politics.

WELL, I have not yet included in my daily petitions a prayer for the House of Lords; but I confess to having acquired an automatic habit of looking to that institution as a means of keeping an endangered liberty or two. Just now it happens to be in its almost normal attitude of revolt against the Government. It is asked to do this year what it was required to do at the tail of the session of 1920, that is to say, to let a mass of bad and almost undebated Bills swish through its portals. Among the measures thus treated were the Dyes Act and the Corn Production Act. One has gone; almost everyone now admits that the other ought never to have been passed. Now the same plea of necessity is urged for a monstrosity like the Industries Bill, which a few months hence the country will be cursing as it curses the 50 per cent. on

German imports. Even if the Speaker's certificate declaring the Bill to be a Money Bill be granted, it is only valid if the Lords are allowed a clear month to consider it in. The Parliament Act, which drew the teeth of the Peers on finance, gave them a limited right of debate. This will clearly be denied them. Why, then, should they give way? They can't examine the Bill, there is no time; and this measure, which lays the axe to the root of our foreign trade, and therefore of our prosperity, will pass, if it does pass, without an attempt to stiffen its sloppy formulae, or solve the hundred riddles of its muddled text. In any case the Bill is sure to be reversed next year. Then why not reverse it now?

As for the Licensing Bill, its fate is no concern of anybody but the trade. It is practically their Bill, without the formal parentage. It is their last barrier against temperance reform, and useful at that. But there are difficulties. The clubs are in arms. They would like to find themselves in a little Alsatia of their own, free of the restraint of the licensing law. I suppose they have their friends in the Cabinet; any way, the Bill does not seem to have a particularly united Government behind it. So it may fail; and the Lords, refusing the Industries Bill, will have leisure to concentrate their minds on the Railway Bill.

I NOTICE that a number of ladies who attended the Royal Garden Party are described as wearing egrets in their hats. I should judge that action to come very near an insult to the Queen. She has prohibited that fashion for herself, and has thereby discouraged it for others, and (one would suppose) made it impossible for her guests. Is there a worse breach of good manners than to flaunt a difference of feeling (not merely of fashion) with your hostess?

WE talk lightly of giants; but A. J. Wilson, of the "Investors' Review," who has just died, was certainly one of them. I suppose, being in the world of finance, he ought to be called a giant of honesty; for such incorruption as his seems in these days to be almost unearthly. He was a tremendous writer; of a fierce and pitiless candor, being at the same time, like many of these savage truth-tellers, a soul of gentleness. I knew him as a colleague and a friend, but not so well as the writer who kindly sends me these intimate notes on him:—

"It was more by chance than anything else that Wilson, when he set South from his native Aberdeen, became a writer on finance and economics. His temperament was highly literary, and so was his style, with its suggestion of Thomas Carlyle thundering in Cheyne Row and of David Masson in Edinburgh. Wilson knew London when it held both those eminent Scots and Minto and Hunter and others of them. He wrote for 'Fraser's Magazine' and for the 'Spectator,' while Hutton was getting it on its legs, and indeed his strong pen had a wide welcome in the best London journals of the 'seventies and onward. It was the quality of reality in Wilson's nature that finally took him over to the branch of journalism with which his name will always be proudly associated. He was a master at handling and disentangling facts, as he was a prophet in illuminating their portents and morals.

"WHEREVER he went Wilson made friends, and the powerful ones gave him a road to inside knowledge very valuable to a public writer. He was one of the few men who knew about the British deal in the Suez Canal shares, while it was in progress. Did he mention it in print until the authorized moment, or breathe it to people who might have used the information? Not he. He was, by nature, a tower of integrity, and all the ups and downs of his long career never once shook him. Men could argue with him, and he would listen

and answer, quietly smiling. But get round him? It could not be done—first, because he was terribly wise; secondly, because he was an impregnable rock of good faith.

"THINK of the positions Wilson held. He was assistant City editor of the 'Times' when Chenery edited it, and really the force who gave spirit and lead to its financial columns. He was City editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' when Morley was its editor, and he had very happy memories of those days and doings. His greatest and longest office was the City editorship of the 'Standard.' It was the 'Wilson of the 'Standard'' who did more than any other writer to expose the Australian banking 'boom' and bring it to its senses. When the 'Standard' and he finally fell out, he went to the 'Chronicle,' and that was his last appointment with the great public. The following years were all to be given to his beloved 'Investors' Review.' Its influence in the higher finance was to be measured by the personal influence which 'A. J.' exercised on other writers who came within his atmosphere, men like Mr. Hartley Withers and Mr. Andrew Still. It might fairly be said that he and his young men came to be a school."

WHAT an incomparable liar descriptive journalism is! For weeks it has been holding up Mr. Dempsey as an ugly and clumsy Colossus, who, if he beat the perfectly elegant and accomplished Carpentier, would do so by falling on him with his vulgarly superior mass-weight. I go to the film of the famous fight, and what do I see? In Dempsey a wonderful boxer, as quick as Carpentier (I should have thought quicker), a more finely proportioned and essentially beautiful figure, and a face of engaging geniality. Carpentier never seemed to do more than half-attack Dempsey, for the simple reason that he did not have the chance, for Dempsey was usually engaged in attacking him. Both men were at least equals in gallantry; and the fight was decided by the difference in skill. The exhibition of it, noiseless and seemingly bloodless, and therefore inoffensive, included one action of an exquisite humanity. That was the gesture, full of grace, with which Dempsey raised the fallen Carpentier and bore him in his arms to the Frenchman's corner of the ring.

WHEN the Government go to Washington, they may, perhaps, take a friendly hint to appear there with a more modest retinue than accompanied their late famous invasion of Paris. That incursion startled even Lutetia, a hostess, voluntary and involuntary, of the ages. Most certainly Washington will not take to it.

A WELL-KNOWN contributor writes me:—

"I am not surprised that in the matter of Mr. Armstrong's conduct in bowling two consecutive overs from different ends, no reference has been made to the important precedent which on a similar occasion Sir James Barrie failed to establish. The occasion was his captaincy (at Broadway, in Worcestershire) of an eleven of writers against a strong team of alleged artists. The circumstances were these. One side had compiled seventy-two runs, chiefly, if not wholly, contributed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The sun worshippers had thereupon responded with an equal number of runs for the loss of all but their last wicket. The ninth wicket had fallen to the last ball of Sir Arthur's over, the other eight having succumbed to the same performer, then in his prime. Actuated, apparently, by the belief that Sir Arthur was the only bowler of his side capable of taking or reaching a wicket, even in Worcestershire, Sir James thereupon put him on at the opposite end. Before, however, he could take a practice ball, a shout was heard from the artists' pavilion, and the nine unengaged players were seen issuing from it to contest our captain's decision. After an exciting contest, it was ultimately given by them in their favor, with the result that the first ball of the new bowler was hit for two, assisted by overthrows, and the innings and match were won by the artists."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE DRIVE OF THE WETS.

AT the moment, almost, of Lord Birkenhead's eloquent burst on behalf of absolute free trade in liquor, official statistics of the country's lapse into drunkenness were being spread abroad, while Dora herself, as the evening headline had it, was giving up drink. Compulsion, the Lord Chancellor reminded us, is tyranny: therefore, let the trade be freed, and the Bishop of Oxford made to see that the Church has nothing to do with social politics. Across the Atlantic, in the same great world of drink, other things were happening. The province of Ontario, after a decisive popular vote, went bone dry on July 21st, thus completing the solid Prohibition block of Western Canada. And in certain cities of the United States the Anti-Prohibitionists were exhibiting the surprising weakness of their forces.

The "Wets" of America must surely be the poorest politicians in the world. Between 1913 and 1918 they allowed themselves to be outplayed by the Drys. During that lustrum they merely faded away; and the fizzle of their last demonstration, the news of which arrived in England just as the Coalition was publishing the new drink rules, is almost beyond credence.

In New York, since the beginning of the present year, a fierce conflict has been going on between the Wets and a new Dry Governor of the State. The fight had to be brought to a head, and the Wets resolved to make a tremendous effort on Independence Day. For an assertion of American liberty against the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, by which, as they hold, the last liberty has been destroyed, what date so appropriate as the Fourth of July? The Wets forgot what this year's Fourth was—the Monday after the Dempsey-Carpentier fight: a day on which the only cause for which a New York crowd could be induced to march in the sun was the independence of Ireland. And they imagined that men and women would be willing, even eager, to walk in procession carrying tiny barrels and bottles in token of their faith. But they did not leave anything to chance. In New York City they collected over 200,000 written pledges; and they secured Mayor Hylan, the Tammany opponent of the Dry Governor Miller, to review the army of liberty as it mustered for the march up Fifth Avenue to Central Park.

But the army did not appear. That powerful and honest newspaper, the New York "World," their leading organ, stated that of the 200,000 who gave their promise, about one-twentieth came out. It estimated the demonstrators at not more than 12,000; while the Anti-Saloon League, which had its enumerators along the route, gave the Wets a total of nearly 15,000. The "World," noting that four-fifths of them belonged to the foreign-born, and were over middle age, concluded that the citizens of New York would not fight for the recovery of their liquor. Certainly they are not so simple as to label themselves Wet in public, seeing that for ten years past the big industrial and commercial concerns have refused to promote, and many of them to employ, a man who was known to drink. Other cities made a showing even more humiliating than that of New York. Jersey City, across the Hudson, boasts itself the only free town left in the United States. Its protesters mustered in all about 3,500—including twenty women. And in

Baltimore, further south, the demonstrators numbered 375.

Now it was explained that the Independence Day demonstrations were not against National Prohibition, since that has been written into the Federal Constitution and cannot, so far as anyone can see, be revoked. They were against the Volstead Enforcement Act, which is blamed for nearly all the evils, and, being a simple statute, can be repealed or modified. The distinction is of great practical importance. Roughly speaking, no responsible public man in America or Western Canada will say a word to imply that the Prohibition policy is not permanent. The saloon and the distillery, they affirm, have gone, and nothing can bring them back. But, while recognizing that a national system of enforcement must be worked out, they do not speak with the same unanimity upon the question of definition or the method of applying the law. The fight over these very troublesome questions, there can be no doubt, will be fought to a finish in the great cities. If New York and Chicago can be made effectually dry, the battle of Prohibition will, of course, be won.

Four months ago Governor Miller secured the repeal of the legislation by which New York State had attempted to contract out of the federal law, and he insisted upon the local authorities taking up the task of enforcement. As a consequence, the New York police became Prohibition officers, and there was inaugurated a period of raids, seizures, arrests, and prosecutions. The courts were immediately clogged, since every accused was entitled to a jury trial; and it was taken for granted that the juries would not convict. The Police Commissioner made known that he was ready to carry out orders, but he would want an additional three million dollars in order to make a clean job of New York City. Meanwhile, at the beginning of the summer, with some thousands of cases pending, it was said in Congress that nearly 400 saloons were run openly in New York. Even if that were an over-statement, the known facts implied not only a vast amount of defiant evasion, but also corruption among the enforcement agents. Apart from New York and the other great cities, the two great practical obstacles appear to be the system of smuggling over the Canadian border (the smuggling from Mexico is a smaller evil), and the colossal enterprise of shipments by sea from the West Indies and elsewhere. As regards the former, it is plain that a dry Ontario, combined with the Government monopoly in Quebec, will make an immense difference. As regards the West Indies—the notorious “cocktail route” and the conditions now prevailing in the British and French islands—it is plain as can be that an international agreement upon the control of liquor is imperative.

When we turn to the social results of Prohibition, the Drys have, in the main, to meet a three-fold challenge. It touches (1) the popular resentment, consequent upon the procedure by which the Constitutional Amendment was obtained; (2) the wholesale law-breaking and the alleged devotion of the American people to “home-brew”; (3) the disputed facts as to health and crime.

(1) After the crusades and experiments of sixty years, there was for America no escape from the trial of National Prohibition. The majority, in the United States and Canada, was bent upon it. By 1914 at least three-fourths of American territory were Dry, by State law and local option, and the evil of the Wet fringe became a forcible argument with the moderate drinker. Moreover, Big Business, the public health authorities, the social workers, the churches and schools, and the women voters made an irresistible combination. As a

simple fact of social politics, the building of a community without alcohol has become the majority will of the North American peoples.

(2) The multiple evasion—“moonshining” and “bootlegging,” corruption, home-brew—is, of course, undeniable; and, since their bulk is against the illicit sale of wine and beer, the stuff now being consumed is chiefly dear and bad whisky. Unless Congress can discover some means of admitting the import, manufacture, and sale of light wine and beer, it seems inevitable that the smuggling of spirits on a large scale will go on, to the detriment of the public health and the further destruction of morals. As to the complete absorption of ordinary decent people everywhere in home-brew, a great deal of nonsense is talked. Very many people, doubtless, who cared nothing about liquor before Prohibition, are now drinking to-day out of resentment or bravado; and it is not possible to deny that the behavior of the young people in colleges and elsewhere is marked by a lowered standard, though this is probably due much more to the war than to Prohibition. The visiting Englishman commonly reports that American conversation to-day is about drink and little else. That is rubbish. The diner-out may hear plenty of such talk; but the man or woman engaged in ordinary pursuits can go for weeks without hearing the topic mentioned.

(3) Nothing in the controversy is more foolish and dishonest than the attempt to make Europeans believe that Prohibition is responsible for new waves of crime, sickness, and insanity. The reply to all such attempts should be: Produce the evidence. The plain fact is that, in city after city, State after State, the official returns of the last completed year are such as to confound the Wets. The figures of the penal institutions and of child welfare alone are sufficient to make the average British citizen resolve that, in forming a judgment upon Prohibition, he will ignore the comic papers and examine the record.

“THE CLASSICS.”

THE nineteen men and one woman appointed as a Committee “to inquire into the position of Classics in the Educational System of the United Kingdom” have just issued their Report through His Majesty’s Stationery Office, and the perusal of it fills me with the same regretful longing that Moses felt when from Mount Pisgah he stared at the Promised Land. There was once a lovely pantomime song, beginning “Why was I born so beautiful? Why was I born so young?” When I read this Report, or listen, as I did last week, to masters and mistresses at a great English school discussing “child psychology” and the modern methods of teaching, I sing to myself, “Why was I born so ignorant? Why was I born so soon?” For I fear there is little chance of my getting back to Methuselah; as Cardinal Newman said in his old age, I must be slowing down into the terminus; and yet I perceive that my education has not even begun. If I could but be born again, and from childhood to maturity pass through our schools and Universities as they appear now to be conducted, what happiness would be mine! What wealth of wisdom! What superiority of mind and nature! No wonder that youth regards the ageing generation as the advanced people in Shaw’s book regard the prehistoric races who could not consume their own smoke and did not burst from the egg with the ripe form and faculties of seventeen!

Many fine treatises have, no doubt, been written upon education within the last few years, but I suppose

nothing wiser has been written than the present Report. Not all the Committee were classical scholars, but the majority were, and so it might be imagined that they were prejudiced in favor of their craft. It is a common belief among grown-up people that what was good enough for them is good enough for everybody, and that, as they "went through the mill," everyone should be ground in like manner; for how can they imagine themselves better than they are? It is also natural for teachers to teach what they have learnt (what else could they teach?), and I have known schoolboys pass through a University and return to their old school to "carry on the tradition" by teaching exactly in the same manner exactly the same subjects as bored themselves in boyhood. But the members of this Committee fall into no such vulgar error. It is quite possible that even the most classical of them doubt whether they represent the finest flower of life and knowledge. It is possible that, like myself (who was never taught anything but Latin and Greek), some of them often sigh, "*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas!*" and wonder whether even the obscure mysteries of mathematics might not have been to some extent revealed to them if only their mathematical masters had been able to reveal anything; or if the two hours a week allowed for the study of mathematics had not been devoted to an interlude of delicious relaxation.

Similar doubts must have occurred to most classical scholars; except, perhaps, in the eighteenth century, when education seems hardly to have existed, and the Classics were pursued as a polite accomplishment, chiefly serviceable for the composition of laudatory epitaphs and for quotation in debate. But the Committee's plea for the preservation of classical education is none the less heartfelt and sincere. They state their case in an Introduction of twenty pages, which classical masters, professors, and scholars might learn by heart to their great comfort. As a summary, we read:—

"The ultimate defence of a classical education in the strict sense of the phrase is that the Greeks and Romans were races whose languages were developed under the stimulus of peculiarly noble and successful experience; that their experience found very perfect expression in literature, exposing clearly the character of thought and feeling enshrined in the languages; that the experiences thus enshrined are singularly well-marked in type, comparatively unbroken by cross-currents from without and diverse from one another; and that the languages are sufficiently unlike our own to compel attention to every step in the mechanism of linguistic expression. It is no disadvantage for our purpose that each race was dogged by the defect of its excellence; both the lapse and the achievement may be almost equally instructive."

It sounds a little pompous, but it is about right. For what is education? We may deduce the Committee's definition from two other passages—one from the Introduction, the other from a chapter upon the service of Classics in "vocational training":—

"It has been realized that the object of education, on its social side, is to fit a man to play his part in the environment in which he is placed, and that in this environment the forces of nature are not the sole determinant. It is not only on their knowledge of the physical phenomena of the universe that the happiness and welfare of most men depend; they depend rather on their knowledge of the minds and character of themselves and of their fellow men."

Still rather pompous, but true in spite of phrase. A further idea is stated more simply later on:—

"Apart from the fact that a narrowly vocational training is in the long run not the best preparation even for vocational success, this duty" (the duty of educating pupils to be good citizens as well as efficient workers) "will be the more urgent as workers of all classes command more leisure time. But humane education will not be satisfied with this. It is its business

also to call out the best that is in a man, not merely as a member of a community, but as an individual, and both on the intellectual and on the emotional sides."

The members of the Committee are all distinguished people, but perhaps they had in mind the words of one still more distinguished. For, speaking at the burial of the soldiers who had fallen at the beginning of the long war, Pericles said:—

"In short, Athens as a State provides Greece with a model of education; and as for individuality, an Athenian in any part of the world is almost sure to confront the most varied fortune with good grace, and on every occasion to display a versatile self-sufficiency of body and mind."

Of all the shameful distinctions due to poverty, the distinction between educated and uneducated is the most cruel. The Report tells us that the representatives of the Labor Party who gave evidence were "seriously concerned with the fact that in industrial districts education is too much limited to utilitarian subjects, and there is a lack of opportunity for children of the working classes to get a classical education." The Committee agree upon the importance of providing opportunity for adequate instruction in Latin and Greek for every boy or girl "who is qualified to profit by them." That reservation touches the most vital and difficult point in the whole subject. How is one to judge which boy or girl is qualified to profit? Almost any mind can have grammar driven into it, but no mind can be taught literature or any other art unless it is by nature susceptible to beauty. In my own great school how many boys I have known whose time was utterly wasted so far as the teaching and school-work went, simply because nothing but Classics was seriously regarded! We never heard of "Science," except in scorn, and if a boy was specially gifted for mathematics, he was looked upon as a troublesome freak, and the masters were at their wits' end to know what to do with him. He was like an ugly duckling that could not emit sparks or iambs.

But I shall be told that is all changed now, and evidently it is changed. Let us glance at the contrast. In the Sixth every morning before breakfast we had to know by heart forty lines of Greek or Latin verse or prose. The Report calls this repetition a "most valuable part of the classical curriculum, as, in any case, it stores the memory with passages never to be forgotten." With practice I could learn my forty lines by reading them carefully three times over; but without any practice I always forgot every word before breakfast was done; except, indeed, Horace, who has a way of sticking. In the morning and afternoon we had to be prepared to stand up and translate longish passages from Greek and Latin texts with the most scrupulous accuracy, expressing, no matter how clumsily, the exact meaning of every word, particle, and mood, and ready to give the chief parts of all the verbs, including a queer Greek tense called "The Little after the Future"—which denoted a time more bewildering than Einstein's. In the evening we had to turn English prose into Latin prose, and English poetry into Greek iambs or Latin verse. Once a week we had to read a chapter of Greek or Roman history, upon which a mathematical master (for he had to justify his position) asked us three questions each. Except for the delicious relaxation of the two mathematical hours mentioned above, that was all.

But see how the thing is done nowadays! The Report tells us that in the Sixth the Eleventh Odyssey should be read in connection with the Sixth *Æneid*, Theocritus with the *Eclogues*, the *De Corona* with the Second Philippic, a book of Thucydides with a book of Herodotus or Livy or Tacitus, Sallust with Cicero's

Catilinarian orations, and so on. "But the best field for such experiment," it adds, "is to be found in the Greek tragedians." It speaks of studying Aristophanes in comparison with the Roman satirists, and reading Plutarch, especially the life of Alexander, as illustrating ancient history. Why, at that rate, you might suppose the Classics had some meaning and value of their own, and were not written as graduated difficulties to plague the English boy! And then the Report talks of Art and Archaeology and Athenian vases and dress and food and oil and timber and Breasted's "Ancient Times" and Botsford's "History of the Ancient World" (which, it says, "should be in the hands of every member of a Classical Sixth"). Oh, why was I born so ignorant? Why was I born so soon?

OLD SALOPIAN.

Contemporaries.

C. LOVAT FRASER.

THERE is the man and there is the work: of which shall I attempt to say something?

Of the man I cannot speak. All his excellence prevents me. I could exaggerate, but could not criticize. And no appreciation is credited to-day which does not tear its beloved subject into shreds.

To-day you may only have a firm belief in a man provided you do not stand by it too long.

This grand age of Cynicism cannot understand nor quite approve unqualified affection, for the age is so advanced—so really enlightened. And as Fraser's friends had an unqualified affection for him, and I was one of his friends, I am prevented from saying anything of the man.

Of his work I will say a little here, and more will have to be said in some book later on.

Fraser had a streak of genius—and it was Theatric genius. I never saw him act, but I think he was a born actor; and I am sure he was that rarest of all things the Drama needs, a stage manager of genius.

He had not yet electrified London, but I had seen the sparks—hundreds of them.

Now there is nothing London fears so much as "sparks." "A spark may set the whole thing ablaze at any moment," is the white-faced phrase; and, of course, genius is of the opinion that to set ablaze is the whole reason of existence.

London is of another opinion, and is aided and abetted by its nest-feathering actors, its safety play-makers, and others of the trade, and there is no more blaze—there is business instead.

Lovat Fraser hated this as every young man worth his salt hates it . . . but that was not all—he worked hard to change it.

To what extent did he succeed in this?

Well, he was very optimistic, and he believed it was by no means a difficult job, and he was very confident of an easy success before long. He had no fears, never wrinkled his brow, or drew a long face, or drawled a depressing drawl, as do nearly all young men when asked to wake up and do something in this work.

Fraser had genius as a stage manager.

There are several orders of stage managers—from a man brimful of dramatic ideas and a knowledge of stage-craft to one who merely sees that the different departments are in order.

A stage manager *brimful* of ideas was Lovat Fraser—of dramatic ideas. A Young Cruikshank of the stage. One who could read a line in a piece and visualize the situation as though it had become real. The sounds, the place, the movement, the costume, color, and all he could visualize in a flash. And he worked in flashes.

He was the very stuff from which a great stage manager or producer like Reinhardt comes—all he needed was a few years' more experimental production.

He had already experimented a good deal. He would have liked to make his experiments out of sight and hearing of the public, but England offers its theatre artists no place to make experiments—so he was forced to try this and that on people who had paid for a finished work.

You cannot blame Fraser; you must blame the English method. The result was that when at Stratford-on-Avon he flung some of these experiments on the stage after but a few weeks' preparation, many were heard protesting that his work was an insult to the memory of the great Shakespeare, and so forth. Fraser knew this was not so—and we knew it—but he and all of us knew it was and is an insult to us and the English people that every idea has to be tried out in front of unsympathetic onlookers, just because the ordinary way of doing anything (*i.e.*, preparing privately and experimenting in workshops) is not looked on with favor, does not find ordinary financial support.

We do not know why this method, found good in every other branch of endeavor, should be held as strange—for it is, as I say, the ordinary, right way.

After his experiment at Stratford he came to London, and there the same experiment was ventured on, and again before the public. The play was "As You Like It," a very difficult comedy to act and very difficult to produce. I think that Fraser's part was all done very well, but, of course, it was only interesting if you bore in mind the infernal conditions under which the work was done and could see what he was aiming for.

After this he came up quickly with his share of the "Beggar's Opera," and his seemed a very big share. The scene was delightful and most ingenious, the lighting was very good, the costumes immensely expressive, and the ideas which he managed to suggest and get carried through seemed to me to be the making of the thing.

And I would in no way belittle the importance of the entrancing music, and the really admirable executive powers of most of the performers; least of all would I detract from the skilful handling of the whole thing by Mr. Nigel Playfair.

But surely it must be admitted that Lovat Fraser was the moving spirit on that stage in that opera. And no sooner was the "Beggar's Opera" staged than he was off on several new productions.

A ballet for Madame Karsavina, and then a second ballet for her—and with these the gracious lady allowed him every scope; scene and costumes for Lord Dunsany's "If," and the production of Mr. Drinkwater's "Marie Stuart"—and all this in less than twelve months, and all, as I say, being done without being able to test each idea previously.

I emphasize this point because I know what a part of the public is saying; it is criticizing his work for not being perfect, faultless, for not having the finish of work like the Russians bring us, or the Alsations, or the Thibetans. Do they know, these critics, that it is nowhere except in London and Paris that an artist is expected to contend with all these material difficulties, that nowhere except London and Paris and other great capitals are the folk so stingy that an artist cannot get rooms and tools and materials to make experiments, to try out *dresses* and scenes on a lavish scale, to see what effect can be produced by lights, and to rehearse dancers and actors?

Fraser enjoyed all this wretched slap-dash work, for he could not keep out of a theatre: he was new to it, and if he had been asked to stage "Hamlet" in six hours he would have agreed to it.

"It's a farce," he would have said, but he would have done it—and I think he did it well.

The spectators might have shuddered—not knowing the incredible conditions under which plays are flung on the stage before our public. And in a way they are right to shudder and to protest, only if they protest against Fraser and others who accept these conditions they act unjustly—they should protest against those who

offer such vile conditions and against those who make no other conditions possible.

The most highly developed of his faculties was that of costume designer. The eighteenth-century, the seventeenth-century, and the sixteenth-century costumes he seemed to know by heart. And he would splash in the color of each dress on to his designs with an amazing sureness. This sureness of touch he had inherited from his mother, who gave him his talent to draw, and any book on Fraser must contain a careful study of this lady's work.

He gave me a whole set of his scenes and costumes for an Elizabethan play—it was so like him to be so generous as all that. I can for the moment recall no one else in Europe or America who has shown that kind of spirit to me.

I know that in Paris among sculptors and painters it is general to exchange their paintings and carvings one with another, but in the theatre—think of it! It is unknown to me, anyhow—and I know quite a few men, and all very talented, working in the European theatre.

No—"Lovat," as we called him, was unique, and we must try to be like him if we can. As artists let us be ourselves, but as workers in the same field and wishing to see things prosper, we must be more generous, larger, not such egoists. Always he was for uniting people—all the time he was thinking of that—although I know that he despaired sometimes, in that terrible way the optimist despairs, of bringing some of the smaller-natured people to swell their lungs and take in a deep breath and realize more than themselves.

Taken all in all, Fraser was the most promising fact in the younger English stage of to-day. He was a lucky man in many ways. And his greatest good fortune was that he had as co-worker, as a devoted and brilliant assistant, his wife. Such a pair one seldom found. They were always busy working and yet always had time to see their host of friends; they attacked each day with a gaiety I have never seen equalled before, attending to twenty things in the morning, another twenty in the afternoon, and people would pour in to see them all day. But to these invincible two it all seemed child's play, and they played it like wildfire.

Their friends would gather in Fraser's big studio, and everyone so merry—life which gives life was poured out in profusion.

And he died—and he had not done his work: and yet he had done more than anyone I ever met in London—and not done it for his own ultimate advancement, but out of the entire openness of a very full heart and a sound, steady head.

E. GORDON CRAIG.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE AMATEUR IN SCIENCE."

SIR,—I find it a little difficult to grasp precisely what "M²." objects to in my article. But a modern journalist does not expect to be read with attention, so I will offer a superfluous explanation. My point is very simple. We agree, I suppose, that a man should know what he is talking about; I merely pointed out that, in a modern science like physics, so much knowledge is necessary to mastery that its acquisition consumes a large part of a life. That is why men become specialists—they have to. I contrasted this state of affairs with past ages when no science was sufficiently developed to require several years merely to learn it. By "amateur" I meant the man who has not had the necessary discipline nor acquired the necessary knowledge to know what he is talking about. There are a number of these people, and they are a nuisance; that is why I referred to them. And I tried to describe some of their characteristic weaknesses. But I did not say that none but specialists should be allowed to talk or think or write about science. Science, like every other human activity, exists to serve human values, and scientific men, like artists or politicians, have

responsibilities to the community. The community may judge them. The ordinary man may rightly object to spending money on Mesopotamia, but that does not make him an authority on Mesopotamia, its history, climate, and geological structure.

As for the remark that poets are the best biologists, I suggest that the only fitting and graceful reply for the poets to make is: "And biologists are the best poets." Then the wine may be circulated again.—Yours, &c.,

S.

SIR,—I have no wish to intervene in the controversy between "M²." and "S." But since my name has been introduced to illustrate one side of the argument, I may perhaps be allowed to say that, on referring to "S.'s" article, I do not find my place more on that side than on the other. In the deep sense, every true man of science is an amateur—that is to say, a lover; men of such high scientific rank as Darwin and Galton were doubtless amateurs even in the superficial sense. Yet they showed all the traits on which "S." insists: accuracy, pertinency, freedom from prejudice, a mastery of existing knowledge. If we turn to one of the supreme types of science, Kepler was marked by a combination of the wildest imagination with a critical accuracy never before known; without either he could not have done his work. The first quality, men are born with or without, and by itself it is useless; the second may be cultivated, and will suffice for an honest journeyman in science. On the humble level at which I am held to witness to inspiration, I would point out that when I ventured to attempt to bring order into a certain field of the facts of life I, first of all, entered the conventional portal of a medical school, and spent some twenty years of patient and plodding training, in laboratories and hospital wards, and in acquiring the knowledge already garnered in many languages. I have seldom thought of science as an inspiration, though such it may be; I have often thought of science as a discipline. Half a century ago, James Hinton, anticipating some more distinguished men of science, brought forward the reasons why we may conclude that "Science is Poetry." He knew that poetry is not only an inspiration; it is also a discipline.—Yours, &c.,

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

MR. D. H. LAWRENCE ON WHITMAN.

SIR,—The commentators of Walt Whitman are an extraordinary crowd: from the wild rhetorician, W. D. O'Connor, who struck out when the alleged lubricity of "Leaves of Grass" caused its author to lose his very modest job in Washington, to Horace Traubel, of Philadelphia, who died last year with his lifelong devotion unfulfilled. After his contribution of last week, Mr. D. H. Lawrence should feel at home in their strange company.

"All the Americans, when they have trodden new ground," he says, are self-conscious trespassers. "From Franklin to Whitman is a hundred years. It might be a thousand." Of course it might: and why not also from Goldsmith to Carlyle, or from Gray to Kipling? Before Whitman there is no American breach in the literary order; there are no trespassers. It is absurd to speak of "all the Americans," including Whitman (and Oliver Wendell Holmes!), doing this or that. Surely, the only possible classification is (a) Whitman, and (b) all other Americans. To say of Whitman, as Mr. Lawrence says, that, while going further, "in actual living expression, than any man," he is yet guilty of "the self-conscious secondariness (which) is a concomitant of all American art" is—well, is in the line of Whitmanian exposition as we have had it for half-a-century. As for the "vast extension, or concentrated intensification into Allness," "the great oneness," and all the rest of it—when did the author of "Sons and Lovers" learn to gush like a preacher at a Higher Thought centre?

Further, to Whitman, we are told, woman is "a great function—no more." Nonsense! It is true that Whitman, impatient of "the incredible folds of silliness and millinery" in which he found the women of his time enveloped, would have been in no two minds about Mr. Lawrence's heroines. Yet his nonsense is the nonsense of a man who, as I humbly concede, has in him more than one streak of genius. He ends with a perfect paragraph, which, I note,

is rounded off by a line from Whitman's loveliest—what? Chant of comradeship? Not a bit of it: from his sweetest and most moving love song!—Yours, &c.,

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

"CHRIST IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP."

SIR,—I was surprised and pained by the letter from Capt. Siegfried Sassoon, published in your issue of the 9th inst.

It is reported that when it was first suggested to a member of our clan that the "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop" should be presented to one of the National Galleries, he replied: "It is a subject which does not appeal to me." This tactful and ambiguous saying well sums up the family feeling on the subject.

Capt. Sassoon should remember the fine old Norman-French motto of our ancestors: "Sassoon a son gout."

Finally, may I say that I have examined Capt. Sassoon's gold-fish, and, in my opinion, it is not a genuine cyprinoid. —Yours, &c.,

AN ANGRY SASSOON.

RUSSIAN FAMINE RELIEF.

WE beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of the following sums for this object:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged	25	5	0
Arnold Lupton, Esq., and Mrs. Lupton	50	0	0
Robert L. Hunter, Esq.	10	0	0
R. R. Meade King	10	0	0
Mrs. McKenna	5	0	0
H. M. C.	5	0	0
G. M. P.	5	0	0
Miss A. Hope Edwardes	2	0	0
Miss E. Doherty	1	0	0
Miss H. Wolf (per "Daily News")	1	0	0
Mrs. Begg	1	0	0
M. E. Geden	10	0	
Miss Tarring	5	0	
	£116	0	0

We hope to make a definite statement next week as to the organization of the fund to which our readers and others have kindly contributed.

Poetry.

THE WATER-OUSEL.

WHERE on the wrinkled stream the willows lean,
And fling a very ecstasy of green
Down the dim crystal, and the chestnut tree
Admires her large-leaved shadow, swift and free,
A water-ousel came, with such a flight
As archangels might envy. Soft and bright
Upon a water-kissing bough she lit,
And washed and preened her silver breast, though it
Was dazzling fair before. Then twittering
She sang, and made obeisance to the Spring.
And in the wavering amber at her feet
Her silent shadow, with obedience meet,
Made her quick, imitative curtsies, too.
Maybe she dreamed a nest, so safe and dear,
Where the keen spray leaps whitely to the weir;
And smooth, warm eggs that hold a mystery;
And stirrings of life and twitterings, that she
Is passionately glad of; and a breast
As silver-white as hers, which without rest
Or languor, borne by spread wings swift and strong,
Shall fly upon her service all day long.
She hears a presage in the ancient thunder
Of the silken fall, and her small soul in wonder
Makes preparation as she deems most right,
Repurifying what before was white
Against the day when, like a beautiful dream,
Two little ousels shall fly with her down stream,
'And even the poor, dumb shadow-bird shall flit
With two small shadows following after it.

MARY WEBB.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

LAST Thursday's reduction in the Bank Rate to 5½ per cent. was not expected to produce immediate results of any particularly striking nature, and it has not. Gilt-edged quotations have improved a little, but a little research will show that the rise in the prices of investment stocks has been at a slower rate since Bank Rate began its descent from 7 per cent. at the end of April than in the earlier months of the year. In those earlier months the approach of cheaper money was discounted to some extent, but in view of the fact that Bank Rate has come down by 1½ per cent. since April 28th, the past three months might have been expected to show more progress than that actually recorded by investment stocks. Most other sections of the Stock Exchange remain stagnant, and the general investor shows no signs of shaking off his lethargy or resuming anything approaching a speculative tendency. Little change in this respect can now be expected until after the holidays. Industrial confidence should be improved to some extent by the lowering of money rates; but, unfortunately, the problems confronting industry are still so formidable that this favorable factor is for the moment made of little effect.

The new Treasury Bond issue should be helped along considerably by the Bank Rate movement, which enhances the attraction of the yield of nearly 6 per cent. which the bonds offer. I would commend to the attention of Savings Certificate holders the attraction of these bonds, which, by means of a Post Office issue, are brought within the compass of the humblest purse. In forthcoming weeks large quantities of 15s. 6d. Savings Certificates become encashable at £1. Holders may, of course, renew them, when the certificates will become repayable at 26 shillings five years hence. But the alternative course of encashing the certificates and reinvesting in 5½ per cent. Treasury Bonds is worth thinking about. This week's return of public revenue shows receipts of £3,700,000 from the sale of these bonds, and it is believed that conversion has been largely exercised by holders of the £70 millions of Exchequer Bonds maturing this autumn. If so, one of the Treasury's most pressing obligations is postponed.

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE.

The Public Trustee's office affords very useful facilities to the public, and it is satisfactory to read in that official's latest report that in 1920-21 1,559 new cases came to the office, involving an aggregate sum of £15,682,492. Other aspects of the report, however, are not equally satisfactory. Each year since 1915-16 there has been a growing deficit on the operations of the office. A year or more ago a Committee of Inquiry elaborated a new scale of fees, designed to place the office on a self-supporting basis. Obviously, since it benefits only a small number of people, it should not be a constant charge on the public purse. But, unfortunately, in spite of the new scale of charges, the deficit, which in 1919-20 was £93,031, grew in 1920-21 to £114,890. Even if all the fees throughout the year had been at the new rates, there would, it is estimated, have still been a deficit of £60,000. This, apparently, is not the fault of the new scale of fees, for revenue therefrom closely approximated to estimate. The fault lies with expenditure, which exceeded estimates, owing chiefly to an increase in the Civil Service war bonus, clerical regrading, and a rise in maintenance charges, such as rates, lighting, heating, &c. As the Public Trustee points out, the administration of trusts in these days is becoming more and more difficult. For that reason the services which his office performs become more and more useful. It will be a great pity if, to make both ends meet, it is found necessary to impose fees sufficiently high to act as a deterrent to some who might otherwise avail themselves of the facilities. Since its inception in 1908 the office has accepted 18,030 trusts, involving an aggregate sum of £166,164,761.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4761.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1921.



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The World of Books.

To me the writing of poetry is so fascinating and mysterious an art that I still continue my efforts to decipher the meaning of what the critics say about it, held to that task by wonder and hope ever renewed; though to the end, I fear, I shall make nothing of it. That is not the fault of the critics, and I do not pretend it is. I should not be surprised if I betray myself with the same aspect of genuine but baffled curiosity, willing yet unteachable, when it is the turn of the critics of music and painting. At one time I thought it was only a question of arduously polishing a dull cranium, and the light would at length get in. But there has been no luck; and though I shall continue to read by what ordering of rhythms, forms, colors, words, textures, and sounds, magic is made, and truth and beauty are compelled, the clue by which all these elements are resolved is one that I expect to learn on the morning when I hear the Last Trump and the veil is rent.

* * *

You remember that Tolstoy, when the critics were describing him as the greatest writer since Shakespeare, came in from his oxen and his cornfields, read such praise, and wrote in his diary, "Now what do they mean by that?" I wish he himself had tried to shape an answer to his question by writing down all the probabilities, even when they were ridiculous. But he was much too interested in his farming, doing "War and Peace" as relaxation after ploughing. It was ever so. The men who might be able to tell us "how it is done" are always so busy doing it that our anxiety to learn the way of the trick is rarely known to them, and appears not to interest them. Tchekhov, who was aware that we should like to be let into the secret, used to be amused by questioners, and declared modestly that he knew nothing about it, and did not believe it was worth troubling over; meaning by that, I suppose, that the difficulty was like the one we have over good and evil, and the reason we are born, and why toads have no feathers. All very well for Tchekhov, of course; but like others of his kind, he forgot that he had no need to bother himself about the way it is done; he could do it, and as a means to support relatives who were hard up, and as a change after a long round of typhus patients.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago I was reading criticisms of the two newest anthologies of modern verse. It was usual for the critics to be kind to them, I remember, but they were rarely more than tepid in their praise. I

spent last week-end in the company of one of these anthologies, Mr. Squire's "Selections from Modern Poets," and I must say I was surprised by its qualities. One or two things about that book the critics omitted to say. There is no young poet in the collection that the critics, no doubt rightly, have urged to be of peculiar significance and outstanding importance. Yet I doubt whether at any time when young England was singing—yes, even in Elizabethan times—the choir was so attractive as is ours, and so much in accord, and all unconsciously, with the intuitions and surmises of others who do not sing, but wish they could. These young poets are so evidently representative of the better thoughts of their own day. They are so quiet, too; and though there are soldiers among them, yet not once in the anthology is there an outbreak of loudness from any of the usual causes of vulgarity—pugnacity, defiance, fear, arrogance, patriotism, hate, or pride. What pride they have is of another kind, the kind which made Julian Grenfell write the poem which is always quoted by the martial-minded against the war poems of the Sassoon school. But it seems to me that, surrendering to a conventional mood, he only wished us to believe that poets may make first-rate soldiers; though a doubt that they would not would never have occurred to anybody but the sort of practical poltroons who never feel safe unless they are surrounded by battleships, boys compelled to bear bayonets, and a Business Government.

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THERE is in the volume that sweetness and light which so infuriates the Marinetti sect—those who kiss passionately the hot muzzles of their guns, and grow finer chests through breathing the back blasts of howitzers. There is, too, in this anthology, an undertone of melancholy hardly ever defined, giving no more than a faint shadow, an ironic shade to the gaieties and exultations. Most of the poems are the true children of their age, and could have been written in no years but ours. Consider Edward Thomas and his "Tall Nettles":—

"Tall nettles cover up, as they have done
These many springs, the rusty harrow, the plough
Long worn out, and the roller made of stone:
Only the elm butt tops the nettles now.

"This corner of the farmyard I like most:
As well as any bloom upon a flower
I like the dust on the nettles, never lost
Except to prove the sweetness of a shower."

That is what I had always thought about the nettles in that corner of the yard; but it seemed so odd a liking that I never mentioned it, thinking that, like any dream to any Freudian, it were better to keep it to myself. But the corner, with the nettles and the elm butt, to me and to another man who went the same road as Thomas, was strangely attractive, and we noticed the dust on the nettles, and the way they proved the sweetness of a shower. I haven't cared to go to that corner for some years, but went again after reading Thomas, taking the book with me, to read to the nettles a common thought, a tribute, and a reminder of the past. . . . But they had gone. The yard is now labelled Jobbarn Manufacturing Company, and it is full of dark blocks of concrete, and of ashes that no rain would ever sweeten.

H. M. T.

Short Studies.

MERRY ENGLAND AND THE MINER.

WE never look in the right place for things. The Hellenist sighs for the Olympian victors and the glamor of the palaestra: he never heard of Colin Blythe, or Macdonald, and every grinder who goes to Bramall Lane knows more of Greece than he. And the medievalist seeks Merry England in the fourteenth century, or the twenty-fourth, instead of the West Yorkshire coalfield.

Modern industry has destroyed and uprooted: its great cities are transplantations of populations, like those of Assyrian conquerors—it tears down traditions, and jerry-builds in their place. The indictment is a stale one: one would, perhaps, wish to modify its usual statement a little. It needs a new type, and is building it up, the Cockney type, the weedy, quick-witted guttersnipe grown up, and this type, the Cockney of London or Leeds, with its wits, and its wit . . . is not in the English tradition. The Cockney gambles knowingly, and needs a semi-intellectual excitement, he has no pride in brawn and beer: he lacks the physical basis, and he is spiritually completely disrooted. His wit is heroic, but in the last analysis cynical and desperate. And he is all the world away from Merry England . . . both of the real past and the Guild Socialists' dream.

But the miner is still rooted in the soil; he is the last of the English.

Has anybody ever read "Sybil"? One wades through the tawdry nonsense and thinks of Marie Corelli as Prime Minister languidly . . . and one awakes with a start. Suddenly one runs up against reality, and here is a politician with some feeling for working-class life and experience. One meets the collier and his women folk, with the red glow of his fighting spirit, the intensity of his physical life, the sheer fundamental human sanity, the instinct for human association . . . yes, for the Guild, if you like. Then you are back in Disraeli's medievalism again, and the Middle Ages are a million miles away.

The collier has been on the soil for centuries. He migrates, but it is from pit to pit, and even when he leaves the coalfield it is to another fragment of England he departs. Irish are fortunately few, and at all events in Yorkshire and the Midlands the all-pervading Scot is not omnipresent. The miner lives in a tradition, shares a collective outlook; he has the narrow stubbornness, the sheer stupidity of the real English. He has a passion for his Union, and an invincible confidence that his Union can defeat the Universe: it is only slowly that Socialist ideas and the catchwords of the Labor movement enter his head, and when they do, he adheres to the blessed word Nationalization with all his tenacity. The manager and the managing director are his ancient and honored foes: he wrestles heroically in debate, and in direct action. He has local customs—and will strike to starvation point over five minutes of snap time and the good laws and customs of King Edward the Confessor. He is the clumsiest of diplomats, and he knows it: but the essential of diplomacy is not adroitness, but force of character, and he never by any chance loses anything he wants and can possibly secure. But he will throw away twice its value now and then. He is desperately suspicious of other Unions, intellectuals, colliery managers, and the non-colliery world generally. He is not aware there is such a thing as public opinion, and if he were, he would prefer to lose off his own bat. And in the end his battle becomes tragic. All the true lineaments of the tragic hero appear . . . the stupidity, the fatal error, the noble pride, and the heroism. Learn to know him, and you can understand Chaucer and Langland . . . Wat Tyler, and the stricken field of Agincourt.

Three secondary factors appear to determine the miner's character: the presence of danger, physical abundance, and his segregation. And in all these three he is medieval. It is not a question of spectacular explosions, Mr. Brighouse's admirable little play, and Royal Humane Society medals: there is always danger in

a pit, and if you are a collier your life may depend not only on someone else's bravery, but on his care. There are falls of roof and shaft mishaps . . . and no miner ever believed that his pit was properly managed. There is an instinct for pit work—and behind the imperfectly understood Nationalization lies the inarticulate conviction that the collier knows in his bones more about running a pit than fifty managing directors. What he does not realize is that the managing director leaves the manager to run the pit, and puts all his mental energy into selling the coal, or, lately, into political intrigue. It is inevitable, but it seems a shame to see the birthright of the fundamental production and an alliance with the noblest of English workers bartered for the dirty preoccupations of a financier. Be that as it may, the miner knows his pit is not run with the efficiency, the modernity of mind, the technical up-to-dateness of some other manufacturing industries, that the commander-in-chief never sees the front line, and that his craftsmanship has something to give the industry. And this conviction is edged by the fact that his own life is at stake. Danger and mutual dependence give to the collier all the dignity they confer on the seaman or the professional soldier: vulgarity is an affectation of sheltered lives, and he tolerates no affectation.

And the collier has been for some time pretty well paid. He eats and drinks it: and herein also he recalls the fifteenth century. Like the peasants whom Froissart found so orgueilleux, perilous, and outrageous, he lives in a hovel, and has his fill of beef and beer. He is magnificently hospitable, and he knows the virtue of largesse, the crown of the non-intellectual virtues and the primary test of humanity and nobility.

An intellectual finds difficulty in getting to know the collier: begin to win a miner's friendship, and the first instinct is to make you drunk at his expense. His betting is part of his largesse, and he always loses: he prefers to give away the odds, and pays out greatly. These are Chaucerian qualities, and they are the virtues of simple men who have a margin. He quarrels with equal greatness and spontaneity. His womenfolk practise the corresponding virtues, and now and then one meets the wife of Bath in train or motor-bus. She utters the same large accents. One repeats her sayings, and one's friends refuse to believe. I have heard soldiers on leave pronounce the final verdict after a super-Rabelaisian conversation as the collier's wife left the compartment, "A real bit of England, yon." But more common is the other type, very quiet and loyal, accepting hard times, prosperity, accident, or a hopeless strike as they come. . . .

And the segregation is not merely a matter of geography. For one thing, it is quite largely a matter of a black face coming home from work. It is felt as such: the miner believes that his reputation as a brute is due to it. Pit-head baths? Some attempts to arrange them have fallen through out of sheer distrust. There was some trap in it somewhere. And the work and working conditions are somewhat obscure and misunderstood. The collier is divided from the rest of the working class by a perfectly unintelligible wage system. The irregularity of his wages and the frequently large earnings of quite young sons living at home enable the colliery clerk (who always hates the miner with the intensity only possible to the unskilled, clean-collar man) to talk of thirty pounds a week going into a house. This is, perhaps, nearly as serious as the constant obscuration of wage issues which is the rule of debate on the subject. And the geographical segregation is considerable. The influence on the miner's outlook is obvious, but there is just one side of the matter that needs emphasis.

The Marxian hypotheses, in their rigidity, break down in practical application and need modification. This country does not confront a group of rich possessors with hordes of dispossessed. There are all sorts of middle classes . . . men in intermediate position; and the nervous system of the country, the Civil Service, the journalists, the *intelligentsia* generally, are socially in the possessing camp, economically in the dispossessed.

So the Marxian engineer, who uses his eyes, unlearns his doctrinal rigidity. But for the mining village, as

far as an active-minded collier's experience of life can lead him, Marxianism is true and confirmed by all he sees. The simplicity and directness of Marxian ideas are perfectly congenial to the mind of the collier. It is simply a question of penetration. They have gone pretty deep in South Wales, but there one is dealing with a different type. It appears an elementary proposition to send a deputation to the colliery offices, to instruct the manager that he must take his orders from them in future and not the board of directors, and apply the proceeds of the mine to . . . what?

And here no one knows. The collier talks of a higher standard of life: if he thinks (and he generally does not), he wants better housing quite obviously. And beyond that there is the Unknown God . . . the freedom and graciousness of life . . . culture, the arts . . . beauty.

And we return to our medievalism. The orgueilleux, perilous, and outrageous collier, with his love for a dog, his largesse, his enormous guild loyalty, and his personal flair for a strange and difficult craft, is medieval enough. His very hovels are fifteenth century, with a difference. He wants a little more money and shorter hours—and he fights hard, gains or loses: personally one wishes him luck, and is moved as much by the drama, the amazing drama, of it all, as by the issue. But this blind demand for something—something that was, perhaps, once satisfied by Holy Church and the vivid delicacies of village Gothic . . . Whatever is left in our coalfields of Chaucer and Chaucer's England—and the spirit and personality and humanity are left—the beauty is gone and the sweeter half of the mirth. And whatever is thoughtful and farsighted and faithful in the miners' movement cries out, "We want education and art and culture and a finer way of living. We don't know very exactly what it's all like, and we suppose it's too late for us as individuals, and we all drink too much beer, and bet too much, and all that, but we want what we don't understand, and perhaps shouldn't recognize, for our children's children. And, meanwhile, if you lay a finger on that unusual quarter of an hour Saturdays that's always been customary at our pit we stop the whole coalfield till we starve. For that we do understand."

FRANK BETTS.

Reviews.

THE INTERNATIONALISM OF THE SEAS.

Allied Shipping Control: An Experiment in International Administration. By J. A. SALTER. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is a curious fact, as indisputable as it is ironical, that nationalism, when driven to its extreme point, war, produces internationalism, and that the internationalism thus produced is then destroyed in the interests of nationalism, as soon as the war is over. States, so far, have been unwilling to consent to the restrictions on their action necessary for the sake of peace, until the refusal has produced war; at which moment there is nothing to which they will not consent. But remove the peril, and they revert to the courses that produced it, with the result that history has been a series of wars in the past, and promises to be the same in the future, unless this time men will learn and apply the lesson. Mr. Salter's book on "Allied Shipping Control" is an account of the internationalism imposed on the allied nations by the necessities of the Great War. By position (Mr. Salter was Secretary to the Allied Maritime Transport Council and Chairman of the Allied Maritime Transport Executive), by impartiality, and by capacity, few men could be so well equipped for the task as he; and from many points of view his book is likely to be a classic of the economic history of the war. It is, probably, as such that it will appeal to most readers; and many of these are likely to be surprised to learn how extreme

was the peril from which the labors of Mr. Salter and his associates helped to deliver the Alliance. Because the submarine campaign ultimately failed most of us have come to think that it was never a menace. Mr. Salter gives a very different account. At the beginning of the intensified submarine war in April, 1917, "one out of every four ships leaving the United Kingdom for an overseas voyage was being lost before its return. The continuance of this rate of loss would have brought disaster upon all the allied campaigns, and might well have involved an unconditional surrender." How this danger was met it is part of the purpose of the book to explain; and those to whom the history of war is a romance of invention and heroism will find plenty of material for their thesis.

There is, however, a quite different, though not incompatible, lesson to be drawn from Mr. Salter's volume. It illustrates, to begin with, though not intentionally nor at length, the true character of modern war. International Law, with all its laborious restrictions on methods of fighting, went by the board. The combatant nations were engaged in the attempt to destroy one another by any and every means. The means employed in the actual work of the fighting forces do not come within Mr. Salter's survey. He has not to deal with poison gas and bombs on towns, now recognized as essential agents in any future war. On the other hand, his history is an account of the efforts of the competing States to starve one another out. The German method was the submarine war, the Allied method the so-called blockade. Both were directed more against non-combatants than against combatants. Both involved the maximum of cruelty and inhumanity. Both were, in effect, war against children and women. In that war the Allied forces ultimately won, and part of the cost was paid at the time, and is being paid still, in the death and diseases of thousands of infants. So true is it, however palpably unjust, that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and so indifferent to that fact are still the great bulk of what we regard as civilized mankind.

Of such indifference Mr. Salter cannot be accused. What is, perhaps, a main object of his book is the application of the experience of international combination gained during the war to the problems of the League of Nations. This is, so far as we are aware, the first contribution to that question of an able, trained, and deeply experienced official, and it deserves very careful and thoughtful consideration by all who care for the future peace of the world. The League of Nations has many open enemies, and more still, and perhaps more dangerous, who are indifferent. But even among its friends there are very different views as to its possible services in the near future. There are first what we may call the maximizers, of whom Mr. Wells is the most effective and brilliant exponent. Mr. Wells advocates frankly the creation of a super-State, the abolition of national sovereignty, and the conduct of world affairs by a world parliament and executive. If most people, in the nations as well as the Governments, were as intelligent and far-sighted as Mr. Wells, this would be done. But the plain and painful fact is that they are not. It is Mr. Wells's business to try to make them so, and all men of goodwill must wish him good speed in that endeavor. But, meantime, we have to deal with the world as it is. That is Mr. Salter's endeavor. And, so endeavoring, he is clear that there can be no question of an immediate super-State. Nothing of the kind could be introduced, even among the Allied States, even during the time of their greatest peril. They went further in internationalism than States have ever gone before. But they went almost no distance towards the abolition of national sovereignty. What they did was to co-ordinate the operations of national States, in provisioning and munition-making, enabling the national executives to co-operate, but not overriding their essential independence. This piece of practical experience Mr. Salter recommends, in a spirit not of hostility but of constructive aid, both to the supernationalists and to the existing servants of the League. The key to his position is, that if a League of Nations is to be an effective force, in the present condition of opinion and of fact, it must work through the national administrations. The same people must influence, on the one hand, the policy of Governments, on the other the policy of the League, so that neither the former nor the

latter may adopt positions which cannot afterwards be reconciled one with the other:—

"These officials must work together enough to know each other well, to develop mutual trust and confidence, or, at worst, to judge accurately the limits within which they can trust each other. They must, in their own national departments, represent the international point of view, and in their international organization they must represent the national point of view. It is quite as important that they should continue to understand and to influence their national policies as that they should learn to understand and be influenced by the international point of view and the policies of other countries."

There, in one sentence, is Mr. Salter's conception, which emerges from his experience during the war and which he develops in some detail. It will be observed that no place is given, in the passage quoted, to that public opinion which alone can ensure that the operations of the League will be effective over a wide range. Mr. Salter, however, does not ignore that aspect of the matter. He refers in particular to the Brussels Financial Conference, of September, 1920, as a good example of the focusing of opinion by an international body. He considers that the merits of that Conference were precisely that it had no executive power, but endeavored rather to concentrate and make known to the public the ideas and proposals of the experts most competent to deal with the subject-matter:—

"It requires no great effort of the imagination to conceive that the extension of this method of inviting representative people within different spheres of action and policy throughout the world to meet in conference with each other in the full light of publicity, may gradually but profoundly affect the formation of policy in every country. It is a method by which the official policies of all countries can be penetrated by the influence of other countries, and beyond that by the influence of the public opinion of the world. It is a method by which simultaneously that world public opinion can be itself not only mobilized when it exists, but found and educated."

It is clear, from this passage, that Mr. Salter does not ignore the power and the utility of public opinion. It is, however, noticeable that he does not refer, in this connection, to the influence of the Assembly of the League. The meeting last November showed clearly that that body may be expected to exert a most powerful influence on the opinion of the world; and this should become more evident still in the approaching meeting next September. The power of national Governments, acting in what they suppose to be their own interests, is represented by the Supreme Council of the Allies, and (very largely) by the Council of the League, in its present constitution. The results of the activities of those bodies are to be seen in the present state of the world. In the Assembly, on the other hand, the breath of internationalism blows clear and strong, and it is there that the corresponding public opinion may be best expressed and focused.

Meantime, the bearing of Mr. Salter's book upon the official administrative machinery of the League—that is, the Secretariat—is clear. He is afraid that a body of officials, entirely international, isolated from continuous and direct contact with national Governments, and located in a small city like Geneva, may end by being left out in the cold, and having less and less practical influence on national policies. He would have national officials continually meeting to frame international policies, thus keeping States in continual touch with the League through their own servants. Such a machinery looks rather to the prevention of national policies which may ultimately end in international friction, than to what is the primary object of the League, to prevent such friction from resulting in war. But the Covenant of the League is elastic, and has clauses which would permit a great development in the direction of international administration. It is natural that a great administrator should look to such development as a principal means of preventing war. And his careful and documented evidence, based on experience, of the way this can best be done, deserves, as it will no doubt receive, the most careful consideration from friends of the League.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

THE POET AS NOVELIST.

Memoirs of a Midget. By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Collins. 8s. 6d. net.)

If Mr. Walter de la Mare had never written a line of verse we, having read his romances and short stories, should nevertheless regard him primarily as a poet. His prose, at its best, is as beautiful as his poetry, and the substance of his tales is always a poetic substance. Henry Brocken, ambling gently along on his uncle's old mare, Rosinante, through the land of other dreamers' dreams; little Nod, dearest and most lovable of all heroes, skipping happily through the enchanted forests of Munza-mulgar; Arthur Lawford wandering in that unmapped country where the lights of two worlds seem to meet and struggle for mastery—the themes of these stories are essentially poetic themes, and the form, of two of them at least, is beautiful as the form of fine poetry. And now comes the "*Memoirs of a Midget*"—a novel—yes, this time, actually a novel; but of all novels surely the quaintest, and one of the loveliest.

Let us take the necessary plunge; the title is strictly descriptive; Miss M. is I know not just how many inches high; Miss M. really is a midget. How the conception first came into being is a mystery. But it came, and with it, we cannot help imagining, a sea of difficulties. For Miss M. must be lovable to hold us; she must have an attractiveness strong enough to outweigh our first instinctive distaste; all the fineness must be there, the delicacy and daintiness, with none of the freakishness, above all with no hint of abnormality other than that accident of her diminutive stature. And Miss M., too, must live—live, that is, as we live: she must be no mere Titania enlivening a fairy tale; her thoughts, her emotions, her sensations must be convincing—removed ever so little from ours perhaps, rarefied, as it were, ever so slightly, but still deeply, absolutely human, and so open to the test of experience. Well, Miss M. *does* live; she lives so that we never for an instant doubt or question her existence: we may quarrel at times with what she says or what she does, but that she said those very things and did those very things we *know*. And, somehow, she is exquisite. Among her coarser world-mates—gigantic, full-blown creatures—she is like a harebell among peonies. She is all grace and responsiveness, subtlety and intelligence. And here comes in an inestimable advantage. In the delicate, clear mirror of her mind, in which we watch the story, our jaded old world is reflected with a new and radiant freshness, a bright, crystal dew lies upon it, sparkling and cool, and we see it as on some lovely April morning. It is as if our senses had been washed clean, and we gazed, not only upon this old world, but upon all its inhabitants, anew.

Miss M.'s story is not fantastic. Of all the stories Mr. de la Mare has told us, the element of fantasy here enters least. It is real, even at times hard, and certainly tragic, teeming with an observation that is ironic, bold, and true. It is, of course, partly the story of the world Miss M. watches with such brave, steadfast eyes, but it is always her own private story too, and it is passionate enough, exciting enough, to hold us spellbound. It is filled with a deep yet intensely quiet emotion; but it is full, too, of movement, incident, and variety. The characters, which, as in actual life, are revealed gradually by hints and glimpses, are vividly living—Mrs. Monnerie, Percy Maudlen, Fanny, Mr. Crimble, Pollie, Susan, Adam Waggett—all have passed through a creative imagination which has breathed into each an individuality and a soul. And two, at least, of these characters have that mysterious, intensified reality which perhaps no one in actual life can ever have for us. Of such haunting, unforgettable reality is Mrs. Bowater, the landlady, with her bony hands, her "long, springside boots," her "thin hair sleekly parted in the middle over the high, narrow temples," her "long, dark face with its black, set eyes." Of such, above all, is Mr. Anon. Mrs. Bowater might have been observed, but Mr. Anon, like Heathcliff, like Caliban, had no earthly progenitor; he is the creation of genius. He is a dwarf, a hunchback, but, though we never lose consciousness of that, it does not matter, because he is a spirit, the spirit of the woods of

Wanderslore. Actually he comes but seldom into the book; he does not come into it at all until the twenty-second chapter; and yet, from his first appearance, "standing there, with fixed, white face and black hair, under a flowering blackthorn," he seems to fill it. From that moment we never forget him, never cease to look forward to his reappearance; his remembrance for us, as for Miss M., is "like that of one of those strange figures which thrust themselves as if out of the sleep-world into the mind's wakefulness; vividly, darkly, impress themselves upon consciousness." All the scenes in which he is present are haunted. He is not only the spirit of Wanderslore, he is also the dark and passionate spirit of tragic love. Behind him we have the feeling of an immense spiritual force—old, old as Time. We can think of nobody else but Emily Brontë who might have imagined him, who could, with this strange, effortless power, have drawn him from the unknown into our world. Did Miss M. love him? She does not tell us. Not in life, perhaps, but, we think, afterwards. We know there was a time, a long time, when she did not love him; her love was then wasted on the brilliant, shallow, fascinating, treacherous Fanny; and in the end the veil descends too rapidly for us to catch any clear and positive vision. Yet whatever we may feel when reading an ordinary novel, we feel when reading this novel that there was, that there is, an "afterwards," that things have not ended with the turning of the last page. In old days the eager necromancer occasionally raised more ghosts than he had bargained for, and at times while reading Miss M.'s story we have the odd, slightly uncanny conviction that its author, too, possesses the lost secret which is the power of the word, the rune, the spell. The woods of Wanderslore exist, are very, very near to us; they are like certain places and houses visited in childhood, which seem now somehow more real than the house we actually live in, or the garden at its door.

We have said nothing of the form of this book, and it is perhaps unnecessary to do so, for the rather loose form of autobiography demands no great technical subtlety. Yet it is here closely knit; Miss M. includes no incident that does not throw light upon her main theme; it is the story in her life that she sets out to tell us, and she never loses sight of this. Her life contains comedy as well as tragedy. Delicious is the episode of the little boy in the train, with his "Mamma, is that alive?" "I want that, mamma." Delicious Miss M.'s walk round the garden with Mrs. Monnerie, Percy Maudlen, and the charming Cherry. Comedy is in these scenes, terror in the scene where Miss M. is left alone in the empty house at Lyndsey, tragedy in that superb scene of the circus and of the midnight drive back to Wanderslore with Mr. Anon, while a rather macabre note is sounded in the very early episode of Miss M.'s childhood, when she discovers in the garden the carcase of a young mole: "Curiosity vanquished the first gulp of horror. Holding my breath, with a stick I slowly edged it up in the dust and surveyed the white, heaving nest of maggots in its belly with a peculiar and absorbed recognition. 'Ah, ha!' a voice cried within me, 'so this is what is in wait; this is how things are.'" Yet one spirit determines and controls the whole; an atmosphere of poetry bathes and envelops everything; it is as if the earthly tune called forth always some whispered echo from beyond. One has a sense of strangeness, of unguessed possibilities, even in the quite ordinary events that take place. The incident may be but an affair of tea-drinking and gossip, yet this sense persists—prevails as strongly as during the nocturnal rambles with mysterious Fanny under the stars. One has at times, indeed, the same feeling of suspense one had long ago when left alone in Blue Beard's castle. There are doors, and there are keys, and there is one door—. The castle, then, is the mind of the author. We may leave it at this, assured that every vibration in that mind has somehow reached us, that we have got into mysterious communication with it, and that this state of peculiar responsiveness has been brought about because Mr. de la Mare is a great artist, and not one word in his drama or his picture is there by accident. Reading this book, lulled by the music of its prose, is to experience an exquisite pleasure in which sense and spirit equally share. Rereading it is to renew that pleasure and to deepen it.

FORREST REID.

CROCE AND HISTORY.

Theory and History of Historiography. Translated from the Italian of BENEDETTO CROCE by DOUGLAS AINSLIE. (Harrap. 15s. net.)

WHATEVER may be our attitude to those particular portions of Croce's philosophy which most nearly affect us, we respond to something magisterial in his work. We have to choose the word "magisterial" in spite of its unpleasant associations, in spite of its having come to imply a dictatorial or even a pedantic quality, for "masterly" is not what we mean. Too many things are invariably masterly nowadays, from Armstrong's leading of the Australian eleven to Mr. Lloyd George's replies to his critics; very few are magisterial. But Croce exercises a compulsion upon our minds. His mere scope is magnificent; his power of marshalling the phenomena with which he deals truly impressive. To call him magisterial is, therefore, in the tradition; he is *magister philosophicæ*. And if the dour men of science say (as they very often do nowadays) that philosophy is a *non-ens* and philosophers but corrupters of the young, we have merely to point to Croce. Only we must take care to point to Croce himself and not to the Croceans; and, if possible, to Croce in the original and not in translation.

The present translation is by Mr. Douglas Ainslie, and therefore highly authorized—so highly authorized indeed that Mr. Ainslie's name appears on an equality with Croce's on the title-page and the cover. Its intelligence is hardly proportionate to its authority. Few people would guess from it that Croce is nearly always a lucid, sometimes a finely ironic, and often a very eloquent writer; and, if they were not forewarned, they might pick out a few supremely unintelligible sentences and dismiss it as the lucubration of "another philosopher." But most people are forewarned about Croce by now, and those of them who do not believe that he has been somehow (to their great relief) superseded by Einstein, will persevere through this stilted English, hammering out a meaning for themselves from the Italo-Germanic terminology which Mr. Ainslie simply translates. For their reward they will find that Croce's central thought is concentrated in this appendix to his more famous works; and they will discover in the second part of the book under the awkward title of "History of Historiography" an astonishingly clear and concise critical account of the conceptions that have animated historical writing from Herodotus till to-day. As a harmonious combination of erudition and clarity, of insight and knowledge, this narrative of barely a hundred pages is more than remarkable; it is indubitably the work of a master.

Croce's great service to the modern world is that he has regenerated philosophy. There are those who consider this the very opposite of a service; in their legitimate enthusiasm for the exact sciences they observe that philosophy has produced no "results." It professed, they say, to discover the truth, and it has discovered none: it is obviously dead, and it had better be buried. What they say of philosophy is perhaps true of most philosophers, who are the inheritors of a tradition and a method that are sterile and meaningless. Philosophy that does not arise out of the study of problems that are *felt* to be urgent and actual is of all vain pursuits the most trivial, and the defence made by the devotees of metaphysic that their problems are real to them is only an indication how far they have wandered into the desert of self-deception. Anyone, by applying himself to it, can make the problem of standing a pin on a pea real to himself, but if he gets into such a condition that on being asked: "Do you feel that's a real problem to you?" he answers "Yes," he is put into an asylum.

Croce has courageously and elaborately asserted the truth that philosophy is the study of problems felt to be real, and that, as these problems change from age to age, so the living philosophy changes. The pursuit of a closed system in which the mysterious entity called Being can be enclosed is merely illusory; philosophy is concerned with the reconciliation and distinction of the various demands of the mind. The scientist's passion for verifiable truth, the artist's enthusiasm for an ideal in which truth and beauty seem each to have a part, the instinctive desire of all men to know and lead a good life—these are the like conflicting impulses of a conscious human being are the matter of philosophy. Its

aim is not to assert the priority of one above the other, but to consider their actual co-existence.

Philosophy is the expression of the self-consciousness of the human mind. To declare that it is dead is nonsensical; it can only mean that a monopoly of the name has passed into the hands of men whose minds are dead, men who have forgotten, if they ever knew, what it is to feel a spiritual problem at all. The active manifestations of the human mind provide philosophy with inexhaustible material, and by treating this material it becomes itself an active manifestation of mind. It becomes also a kind of history. "Philosophy is the history of philosophy," in so far as present thought can make the effort of thinking the actual problems of the past into actuality again. The greatness of a past philosophy depends upon the possibility of its being made actual and urgent to our minds to-day. We can thus reinvigorate the "Republic" and the "Ethics"; we cannot reinvigorate the "Summa Philosophiæ" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Perhaps our interests may change their focus, and the actual thought of Plato and Aristotle become as dead as that of the schoolmen.

But philosophy is much more than the history of philosophy. The human mind finds many more expressions for itself than the sublimated expression of philosophy. It records events, it creates poetry, it promulgates laws, it studies the configuration of the external world. All these things that it does to-day, it has done in the past. And the mind of the present turns to the past to enrich itself. It is enriched only in so far as it can "enter into" these products of the past; but the "entering into" them is only a metaphor. What it does is to make them enter into the mind of the present. The creation of the past by the historical imagination is not the rejection of our minds into the past, but the projection of the past into our minds. "All history," Croce says—he means, of course, all true history—"is contemporaneous." It is the expression of an actual and living thought. History, therefore, is one of the manifestations of the human mind which philosophy has to consider. But the connection is more intimate than this. Philosophy aims at itself becoming a history—a history of histories rather than a history of philosophies. For a philosophy can be distinguished but cannot be separated from the whole self-consciousness of the period when it was created. It is a piece of the history of mind which demands its context in order to be fully penetrated.

The most familiar objection to Croce's thought is that it is transcendental. It is nothing of the kind. A more plausible indictment would be that it was obvious. It shares that weakness with the multiplication table, and, like the multiplication table, by being obvious it has a chance of being sound. Those who have at some time or other in their lives puzzled their heads over the metaphysic of Being, without any perceptible increase in their wisdom or their power of enjoying things that sufficiently exist to be enjoyed, will feel a genuine exhilaration at meeting a philosophy which is supremely unconcerned with ontology. Mind exists enough to be subject of our concern; the only people we have ever known have been conscious of things. Therefore let us examine the proceedings of that consciousness wherever it manifests itself. We have no concern with certainty; but we are deeply interested in the things that have been thought to be certain. A philosophy which starts from these beginnings may go a long way, and it has a reasonable chance of remaining a humane philosophy.

What you cannot expect from it is solutions to problems. Those people who go, for instance, to Croce's "Æsthetic" to discover what a work of art is—and a great many of them come back with the conviction that they know—deceive themselves. Croce is engaged only in distinguishing between activities of the mind, and establishing the autonomy of the æsthetic process. And those others who criticize the "Æsthetic" because it gives them no knowledge of the actual nature of the æsthetic process, are asking for more than Croce ever claimed to give. So, also, it is waste labor for the would-be historian to go to this book with the idea of finding out how to write a history, unless he has the acumen to profit by Croce's example. There are no precepts for him to study, or, rather, there is only the precept which he will know by instinct if he is ever to know it at all: that unless he can feel the reality, the present and actual reality, of his subject, he had better leave it alone. What the

would-be historian will gain from it, however, is a conception of the dignity of his self-appointed work, and a knowledge of the demands he must satisfy, as one of the highest interpreters of the human self-consciousness. And it will not escape the notice of those who are interested in such concatenations that at the time when the ablest of modern philosophers is proclaiming the supremacy of history, one of the ablest of modern writers should have devoted himself to the composition of an "Outline of History" which will assuredly outlive the petty criticism of jealous specialists who cannot see a big book when it is thrust beneath their noses.

Mr. Wells has nothing to fear from Croce, whose particular genius it is that he never loses the wood in the trees. As Mr. Wells, by insisting on feeling the reality of history, has made it real, so Croce has made philosophy real by insisting on feeling its reality. Here, from a brilliant appendix on "Philosophy and Methodology," is Croce's philosophical credo:—

"All the preconceptions, habits, and tendencies which I have briefly described should be carefully sought out and eliminated, for it is they that hinder philosophy from taking the form, and proceeding in the way suitable and adequate to the consciousness of its unity with history which it has reached. If we look merely at the enormous amount of psychological observations and moral doubts accumulated in the course of the nineteenth century by poetry, fiction, and the drama, those voices of our society, and consider that in great part it remains without critical treatment, some idea can be formed of the immense amount of work which falls to philosophy to accomplish. And if, on the other hand, we observe the multitude of anxious questions that the great European War has everywhere raised—as to the State, as to rights, as to the functions of the different peoples, as to civilization, culture and barbarism, as to science, art, religion, as to the end and ideal of life, and so on—we realize the duty of philosophers to issue forth from the theological-metaphysical circle in which they remain confined even when they refuse to hear of theology and metaphysic. For notwithstanding their protests, and notwithstanding the new conception accepted and professed by them, they really remain intellectually and spiritually attached to the old ideas."

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

PREHISTORIC MAN.

Man and His Past. By O. G. S. CRAWFORD. (Milford. 10s. 6d.)

Prehistory. A Study of Early Cultures in Europe and the Mediterranean Basin. By M. C. BURKITT. (Cambridge University Press. 35s.)

The New Stone Age in Europe. By JOHN M. TYLER. (Bell. 15s.)

NOR more than thirty years ago it would have been possible to read the whole bibliography of prehistoric man in the evenings of a fortnight. At that time, perhaps, all serious English students of geology who were attracted chiefly to the Quaternary period knew everything that had been published on it, for it had hardly more books than enthusiasts to read them. It is not so to-day. Its bibliography has grown immense; and we hear that the fascination of Mr. Wells's "Outline" for young readers was in its beginning, with its racy narrative of what is known of earliest man—the facts of science fairly beating, even for schoolboys, Tarzan's wild nonsense.

We think Mr. Wells's was the first attempt to make a popular serial description of our origin, and our early beauty, behavior, and adventures, upon the opinions of the specialists on the clues. Notwithstanding the growth in the quantity of the evidence, perhaps it was impossible to write a popular exposition before this, for even now there is no more indisputable testimony than will furnish a sketchy foundation for research workers to stand upon. Though the recent additions to our information have been wide and varied, in twenty years the problem has been affected, and profoundly, by the significance of some discoveries which few but specialists are able to value adequately. Indeed, only archaeologists are aware how formidable, and how full of traps for the innocent, the printed matter on paleolithic and neolithic man has grown since 1900. But a few years ago, and the subject was a safe

hobby for the curious and unscientific. It was difficult to go absurdly wrong when little that was right was determined. At any time now a new scrap of material may require the attention of a palæontologist, a geologist, and an anthropologist, to judge its nature and time, for too much has been established for new evidence to be made material for cursory romance.

Yet to-day, the general lines being fairly well ordered, we all feel we are as competent to use such words as Chellean, Mousterian, Solutrean, and Cro-Magnon, as we are other words like Bolshevik, Relativity, Marx, and Impressionist. The images these words form for us are exciting, yet, perhaps, just a trifle hazy; too foggy, anyhow, to be used with assurance in the presence of those who have made it their business to bring them to definition. In the case of the names defining certain palæolithic culture ages, it is as hazardous for the inexperienced to use them as it would be to play with logarithms and a sextant on a ship to justify a navigator's reckoning. Pleistocene times, with their thin, confused, and varied strata, involved still further by interjectory glacial periods, all mixed with a wide variety of unquestionable evidence of the first consequential appearance of ourselves in the long line of life, if they form some of the most fascinating chapters in the history of the earth, are still chapters which are most difficult to read. They may not be summarily handled by welcome but untrained curiosity any more than is a problem in engineering. Indeed, less. The science of engineering has a long tradition, and that there are laws which must be observed by its exponents is so well understood that no layman would trust himself, say to a railway bridge which he knew was the product of an enthusiast whose only testimonial was the faith that he could design one. But prehistory, in spite of the enormous expansion of its testimony, is still in the early stage of speculation and experiment, and so the delusion is easy that we may venture boldly where many things are but tentative. Even the amateur who has made a hobby of flint implements should not now, as he did in the past, go from what is surely known of his collection to generalize pleasantly about the lost folk who made and used the weapons and tools. Once it did not matter greatly; but caught between the certain knowledge now possessed by anthropologists and by geologists he may get himself and other innocents into a very unscientific mess.

The right way to-day is that of Mr. Moir, of Ipswich, who concentrated on the flint implements of his own locality to such good purpose that, in the face of the objections of the experts—which were thoroughly justified—he was driven to further work upon his subject till he found manufactured flints (and on an old working floor) of an age which is accepted to be Pliocene. His highly important discovery, and his book, "Pre-Palæolithic Man," published in 1920, in which it is explained, are quite unknown to the general reader, but they serve as an admirable object lesson to those who wish to prove useful in a new department of science.

Yet mere interest might work upon such a phase of archaeology, and its labor and collections would be unimportant, unless there went with it a knowledge of geology practical enough for the mapping of a district, and the special nature of the interest were rightly directed to the general problems of anthropology now waiting for more light. The nature of those problems, and their certain revolutionary influence upon the whole teaching of history, and so, in time, upon international relationships, is readily argued in Mr. Crawford's book, "Man and His Past." Mr. Crawford opens up such enticing vistas in archaeology, and indicates work in each, barely touched yet, that may have such important results for modern science and politics, that one feels, as one reads him, interest in mankind reviving, and the world growing attractive again; yet a regret deepens also because one's education in history and science (history that began, ridiculously late, with Cæsar in Britain, and had little to tell us, except of the kings and wars of one island, and science which was a little futile botany and physics) leaves one, when looking upon the mysterious data of the geologist and the archaeologist, with all that they imply of human destiny, feeling very like a boy who regards the quiescent dynamos of a power-station and wonders how they work. We cordially commend Mr. Crawford's book to those who have a little knowledge of the subject, and wish

to know how to use it, and what they should use it upon. As to where it should be used, Gilbert White showed that long ago.

What the student has long needed in this subject, and has not been able to get since James Geikie's out-dated "The Great Ice Age," is an orderly record, made not too attractive with entertaining but almost baseless speculation, of all the evidence that is known. Mr. Burkitt, in his "Prehistory," here presents him with it. Without allying himself beyond escape with the decisions of the experts (and how they may fly in embarrassing divergence from what may seem slight causes the Piltown relics show us), he broadly surveys the problems, and then indicates the meanings of the clues of prehistoric man till they begin to take order and relationship in a series of civilizations that can truly be called wonderful, when the immensity of the period of time they must claim is understood. What are even the pyramids of Egypt to the original communities of Susa, and those people again to the Chellean folk? Mr. Burkitt's book is so well-ordered that it should prove easy to any reader having but a slight acquaintance with the subject, and it is so full that we should say that it is indispensable to the student, for it has no rival.

Mr. Tyler's "New Stone Age" is an account, qualified by the latest knowledge, of the people who ended the Palæolithic ages, and began the foundations of those societies of which the modern capitals of Europe are now the jewelled crowns. That may have been about 20,000 years ago. Those men of the New Stone Age emerged as the Asiatic, Egyptian, Cretan, and Greek civilizations, and whether we have improved on their earlier works as well as we might we may judge as fairly as pride and chagrin will allow us. Mr. Tyler, in his account of the Swiss Lake Dwellers, makes it fairly clear to us that the Neolithic folk of the communities before the Bronze Age, and even after that, as the Cretan civilization shows, were reasonable and not warlike peoples, and that their societies probably gave them a much more secure and happy time than to-day is the common lot of Europe's industrial masses.

MR. LUCAS'S ROUND TRIP.

Roving East and Roving West. By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

ONE'S respect (not one's liking) for Mr. Lucas is diminished by the reading of these notes of his journey round the globe. It is not only because he should have been content to publish so very slight a record, though that is not good. It is not even because he did not see Americans chewing gum, though that was odd. Much worse: Mr. Lucas made a shocking failure as a devout literary worshipper, and he confesses it. "One curious task," he writes, "which I set myself in Calcutta was to find Rose Aylmer's grave." And why not? He walked for hours "amid the sombre pyramidal tombs beneath which the Calcutta English used to be laid," but found no trace of her he sought. Well, I turn to the chapter on the old Park Street burial-ground in Mr. Cotton's compendious handbook, "Calcutta Old and New," and there read:—

"Straight in front of the visitor, at the junction of the central main walk with the second pathway leading east, is the best known tomb in all this Indian Père la Chaise—an unpretentious structure topped by a fluted pillar broken across. It commemorates Rose Aylmer, Landor's early love."

Where, I wonder, were Mr. Lucas's usually bright wits? He might at least have tried the Imperial Library, or rung up some bookish acquaintance in the neighborhood of Park Street. This, however, you infer, was his only conspicuous failure. He was sensible enough not to crowd too much into his seven weeks in India. His eye is of the right kind for the Moghul cities and their French chroniclers. But he should be clear as to the relationship of Akbar to Baber, and ought not to mistake the site of the Peacock Throne. Also he should have got an Anglo-Indian friend to protect him from such verbal monstrosities as "Mussulwoman," as "goldmore" for the most gorgeous of Asiatic trees, and the horrific spelling in which he hides the Hindustani name for our dumb friends' refuge. On account of a single

discovery one must, as the Americans say, hand it to him. Nearly twenty years ago the present reviewer recorded a fact in anthropology: that most of the holy mendicants (Mr. Lucas applies the Moslem word *fakir* to the Hindu *sadhu*) resembled Mr. Bernard Shaw. The likeness, adds Mr. Lucas, is crossed with one to Leo Tolstoy, and he is, amusingly, not wrong.

Delighting in India, Mr. Lucas does not appear to have liked or admired Japan—if we except Fujiyama, which for him is unchallenged by any sight in the world. His joy in America, however, was almost without bound. His light touch is a right touch on the cities he saw, American manners, hotels, stores, newspapers, book-collectors, baseball. Perhaps we cannot wonder that an observer to whom all Mongolians look alike should find a more uniform face in America than in England. The answer is that he did not consider the astounding racial mixture of the city communities, in Boston no less than in Detroit or Chicago. In the 'nineties William James found in England only one degraded face to two hundred or so in his own country. Mr. Lucas has the exactly opposite impression: "One sees fewer ruined faces than in English cities." I agree with Mr. Lucas, and offer the suggestion that thirty years of war upon alcohol is one reason that cannot be ignored. On American newspapers Mr. Lucas is of the orthodox Anglican persuasion; but I am astonished that so expert a reader should reveal ignorance of the English analogues, past and present, to the American "colyum" of quips, and still more that he should bungle the renowned initials of "F. P. A." standing daily at the foot of "The Conning Tower" in the New York "Tribune." Such things are almost as unpardonable as Mr. Lucas's ineffectiveness as a Landorian. But I give him up altogether when he brings the Prince of Wales into the most familiar New York story of two seasons. Does Mr. Lucas seriously suggest that it was not the Belgian King's consort to whom the wife of a civic functionary, enraptured by the Royal praise of New York, made the immortal response: "Queen, you've said a mouthful"? S. K. R.

OLD AND NEW WORLDS.

The Death of Orpheus. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.)

Streets. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. (Selwyn & Blount. 5s. net.)

Unfinished Poems. By ELIZABETH PAUL. (Fifield. 3s. net.)

The Yale Series of Younger Poets. (Yale University Press. 5s. 6d. net each.)

MR. HOUSMAN writes poetry that we like but do not love, and "The Death of Orpheus" is no exception. It is a semi-allegorical poetic drama, representing the conflict of the forces of war and peace. Phalissa and her Bacchanals, who kill Eurydice and sacrifice Orpheus on the altar, are ministers of the deity who blind the vision, madden the heart, and curdle the will of man ("Rather would I see rivers turned to blood, Than blood so emptied of its ancient fire"), while the tale of Orpheus is of the recovery of the Golden Age before the war "of gods with gods," and "Anger and emulation, hate and scorn Infection spread":—

"Oh, rest for man's soul when night draws nigh,
And out of high Heaven the gods shall die,
And Earth shall know them no more!"

The semi-chorus at the close utters the same iconoclasm:—

"There in some valley of streams
I will dwell, in a place withdrawn
From the ways and worship of Heaven."

It is the symbolic strife of water with wine (Eurydice is the nymph of the stream), and Mr. Housman has baptized his drama with all the virtues of pure water. What it lacks is the wine. One doubts, too, the application of the legend. If the fault is in our stars and not ourselves, we remain underlings in default of getting rid of the stars, and it is not surprising that a drama of noble sentiment rather than mind ends on a note of quiet despair.

But for fifteen new poems, Mr. Goldring's "Streets" contains selections from four volumes of verse issued within the last ten years. It is an ingenious way of eking out one's output. At the beginning of the book we have the author's

portrait, and at the end the rhapsodies of Miss Rebecca West and others, so that the reviewer is given a gentle lead in the way he should go. The non-metropolitan lampoons and lyrics are of little value, and the best of Mr. Goldring's work is in the rhymed episodes of London life, spoiled, as some of them are, by sensationalism. Some, on the other hand, of the pictures of ordinary young lovers about the streets have a certain grace and lightness—until one thinks of the somewhat similar themes and methods of James Thomson in his lines on Hampstead and the Thames. Such reminders are perhaps not fair to Mr. Goldring, but they are unavoidable.

Elizabeth Paul did not believe that play and laughter have much to do with the making of poems. "O might I," she writes in the "Cloud World,"

"Mount, mount far into thy depths
And lose this suffering selfhood, that which feels
Self-consciousness of woe; this ceaseless conflict
Of contradictory aims, perverted arts,
And be a docile, an unfeeling part
Of Nature."

And the last lines of her last two poems have death in them. This is the feeling of the whole volume, which is a dignified gesture of final renunciation rare in modern verse. Life is bitter, fierce, and tragic nowadays, but it throbs, and the desire for absorption into an indifferent and unconscious universe is curiously unmodern. The poems have been collected in fragments from notes and manuscripts "left in great confusion at the death of the writer." They are the very echo of Lear's "No, no, no life," the last sigh of a broken heart, ready and anxious only for extinction. "A. S. P.," in the Preface, is right to offer them to the public "with no apology," for in an impressive and poignant way they snatch the power of life out of the quest for death. The depths of grief sounded in these poems, combined with a keen and delicate apprehension of beauty and nature, might well in torture have sought some explosive vent. But they fulfil Mrs. Browning's "hopeless grief is passionless"—that "only men,"

"Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and despair."

Elizabeth Paul's "full desertness" is expressed with a solemnity and calm which move us more than more famous and perfect verses can ever do.

These three volumes in the Yale Series—"Where Lilith Dances," by Darl Macleod Boyle, "Wild Geese," by Theodore H. Banks, junr., and "Horizons," by Viola C. White—are influenced to a marked degree by English poetry and the European tradition. The reaction against them, of course, accounts for the acrobatic extremes of some of the free verse experiments. It occurs to us to wonder, however, why as yet there are so few signs in American poetry of a balance struck between the two kinds. That might well come as a beginning from a diversion in theme from European to American romance, legend, history, social ideals, and natural beauty. Actually, the Americas are full of ancient story adaptable to poetic treatment; and where is there an earth grander or more richly stored in marvels? Yet Vachel Lindsay's "California" is an isolated achievement. Meanwhile our three poets continue to talk in a foreign accent, to strain their ears for the music of the Old World, and to summon the ghosts of Abelard and the Witch of Althemair.

EXPERIMENTS.

Adam and Eve and Pinch Me. By A. E. COPPARD. (Waltham St. Lawrence: Golden Cockerel Press. 4s. 6d. net.)

Pleasure. By ALEC WAUGH. (Grant Richards. 8s. 6d. net.)

The Purple Sapphire. By CHRISTOPHER BLAYRE. (Philip Allan. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. COPPARD's book of short stories is the first publication of the Golden Cockerel Press. This press is an experiment in co-operative publishing, and Mr. Coppard's stories, as one cannot help feeling, are experiments in writing. Sensitiveness to beauty of phrase and a certain originality of imagination are, without doubt, gifts of this author, but he uses them with an uncertainty of purpose which is wasteful and irritating. Some of his stories seem to have no purpose and very little meaning at all, but to be composed

of all sorts of eerie ideas and stray fancies such as might flit through the brain of any one of us lying under a tree on a summer morning. They are the fruit, too, of many different moods—the Irish loquacious mood, the realistic Tchekhovian, the facetious, up-to-date fairy tale, the Assyriomystic, and the dreamy fantastical—and none of these moods is perfectly convincing, for they are experiments too, and their charm is often spoiled by inconclusiveness, or by the sudden eccentricity that is not essential, but is dragged in just because it is eccentric or—it is to be feared—a trifle shocking. The first story is almost a parody of the Irish loquacious, natural, poetical method. A talkative young Irishman with a taste for simile meets another Irishman called Monk, who "had the mind of a grasshopper, the strength of a dray horse, the tenderness of a bush of reeds, and was light on his limbs as a deer." After they have gone along together for a bit, talking like mad, and Monk, in his facetious way, has committed several murders, they fall in with Mary, "handsome as a lily, the jewel of the world." She, too, was going the journey, in a yellow gown with ivory buttons:—

"And we asked her as we went along the streams:
Had she the fear of the night-time?"

"When the four ends of the world drop on you like death?" says I.

"... and the fogs rise on you like moving grief?" says he.

"... and you hear the hoofs of the half-god whisking behind the hedges?" says I.

"... the finger of some meditating doom?" says he."

At about this stage one begins to lose patience, but the end is yet far off. They ramble on and on, till they come to a plain with a mountain in it, and Mary tells a rambling dream, and then, to put it shortly and Irishly, she dies on them. The Irish method is rather more successful in another story called "The Trumpeters," but in "The Angel and the Sweep" it leads to sheer nonsense. Mr. Coppard can be almost equally irritating in the satirical fantasy with a Chestertonian flavor. The story of Piffingcap, the barber, with his fatal shaving-cup which cost the life of three men and was rescued from the water by little Polly, who dived in after it in her skin, and the story of the Princess of Kingdom Gone, are simply pleasant deliriums done into prose. The story which gives its title to the book is admittedly a delirium, a day-dream which came over a man in his own study. It was quite a nice delirium, verging on the poetical, but the art of writing good short stories is something better than fantastic dreaming. Mr. Coppard shows that he knows this perfectly well. His little description of a small boy, son of a freethinker, shut into a church at night and holding a kind of make-believe service of his own to satisfy his æsthetic sense, is quite admirable; and the four wretched figures in the oddly named "Weep Not, My Wanton," move across the face of an unkindly landscape with a power of life that only an artist could infuse. But, there again, why must somebody have been gelding pigs? They have nothing to do with the scene, but Mr. Coppard cannot be happy without striking a lurid discord. When he can resist the temptation of oddity for its own sake, he will be a more accomplished writer.

There is nothing odd, certainly, in the stories of Mr. Alec Waugh: for one so young, indeed, they are unexpectedly conventional. Yet they, too, it is to be hoped, are experiments—experiments in philosophy. Here youth betrays itself with a candor that is disarming: it is a gloomy philosophy, and a shallow philosophy and ridiculous philosophy. The fallacy of hedonism—well, it is a commonplace of the text-books, though we all have to learn it by experience, but it hardly bears writing about. Mr. Waugh, if the gods are kind to him, will live to see the exquisite humor of his book, written before his thirtieth year, and to read its gloomy pages to enliven the duller moments of his maturity. It was recorded of a young French romantic in the eighteen-thirties that, in his disgust, he wrote: "J'ai le cœur usé comme l'escalier d'une fille de joie." This was thought a tremendous joke. And what shall we think of Mr. Waugh, who ends these studies of the shallowness of sensuous pleasure with the melancholy musings of a double-chinned, bald-headed, over-fed man?

"And their love-making! What was it but a game played endlessly; the same words, the same looks, the same

gestures—an amusing game, a toy that kept the spoilt child from tears—but once. . . ."

"There was the dawn, so pure, so holy, the days of eager anticipation, the growth of boyhood. One reached a point and then—well, what did it matter what happened to one after that? The highest point is reached so early, and, after that, the endless repetition. A long search for pleasure, any distraction so long as it kept one quiet, any drug so long as one did not know."

These are the reflections not of a wise man, but of a foolish one, and the worst of it is that Mr. Waugh seems to identify himself with this double-chinned, bald-headed character. His whole book is written to the tune "the highest point is reached so early." His two studies of what he calls the dawn are quite good, particularly the public-school story, the hero of which sees the pleasure and romance of being a "swell" vanish in the realization of what a back number he becomes when, as an old boy, he haunts the scene of former happiness like an uncomfortable spirit. This story is told with firmness and delicacy till the last sentence:—

"He had done with boyhood, and vaguely, uncertainly, he saw the new world into which he was about to enter, full of strange colors and excitements, and woman, wistful, passionate, mysterious, waited there with outstretched arms beckoning him to her."

To Mr. Waugh, apparently, these are typical reflections of a public-school boy in a cadet corps waiting for a commission in the Army in the midst of war. It is the false premise that vitiates all the rest of the book. One really thought the eighteen-nineties had passed away: Mr. Waugh writes as if the "Yellow Book" was still in existence. The result is that, with all his undeniable ability as a writer, and his sincerity, Mr. Waugh produces an effect of flatness that is disappointing. He is on a path that leads nowhere, just when he ought to be blazing out new trails. A course of hypophosphites and some regular digging in the garden, clay soil for preference, seems to be indicated.

Mr. Christopher Blayre is an amiable amateur with none too firm a hold on the structure of his native language. His stories, purporting to be manuscripts in the possession of the Registrar of the University of Cosmopolis, but most patently the offspring of the same mind, are all of that easy, sensational kind which anybody can construct who cares to deal unintelligently in the improbable—malevolent jewels, communication with Venus, baleful spirits, and the rest. In a narrative attributed to the Professor of Psychology, this gentleman permits himself to use the phrase "gad-zooks." We are inclined to take the same liberty.

Books in Brief.

The Responsibility of Women Workers for Dependants.
By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE and FRANK STUART. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE discussed in "Human Needs of Labor" the question of the relation between wages and the cost of living, and showed what proportion of married men have children dependent on them for some period of their lives and for what number of years. In the present booklet he and Mr. Stuart attempt an answer to the question: "In fixing minimum wages for women, should any allowance be made for dependants, and, if so, for how many?" The authors have conducted an inquiry and gathered statistics on a sufficiently large scale to allow of generalizations on this question.

Briefly, they define a dependant as being anyone who, by force of necessity, receives a regular allowance of money, from the wage of a worker; but they have not regarded a girl as having dependants, even though she pays more than the market price for her board and lodgings, if the income of the chief wage-earner is sufficiently high to render such payment on her part unnecessary. There are other clauses to the definition, but reference should be made to the booklet itself. They decided that the only reliable method of securing really typical cases was to go from house to house in representative industrial towns, and investigate every case of a woman wage-earner of eighteen years or over. All classes of work were included in the inquiry. It was necessary to choose towns with different industrial

characteristics, so the investigation was made in Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Hull, Sheffield, Leeds, Oldham, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Birmingham, and Leicester. Great care was taken to select investigators who could elicit, without giving offence, reliable information. The total number of houses called at in the eleven towns was 67,333, and in these were found 13,627 women workers aged eighteen years or over. Of these women 11,982, or 87.94 per cent., supported themselves only, and 1,645, or 12.06 per cent., wholly or partially supported others. The average wage was 28s. 9d., varying from 24s. 8d. in Newcastle to 36s. 3d. in Middlesbrough. The proportion of women with dependants varied greatly according to their age. "It is under 7½ per cent. at ages 18-20, and rises steadily till the age group 36-40 is reached, when no less than 28 per cent. of working women have persons wholly or partially dependent on them. After this the proportion drops again as the age advances, falling to 6 per cent. of women over 60." The authors of the pamphlet conclude that, taking working women as a whole, about 88 per cent. are, on the average, responsible for the maintenance only of 0.71 of an adult.

A similar investigation was made by the Fabian Women's Group, and the present work examines the reasons for the divergent conclusions reached by the Fabians and Messrs. Rowntree and Stuart. The latter think the Fabian Group over-estimated the proportion of cases where women had dependants. "Taking all the causes which lead to the responsibility of women workers for dependants, we find that 65 per cent. would be obviated by the adoption of an adequate scheme of widows' pensions, and 12½ per cent. by increasing the grant paid to chronic invalids under the National Health Insurance scheme to an amount sufficient for complete maintenance. A further 6 per cent. would be obviated by the payment of an adequate minimum wage, and the granting of State aid to wage-earners who had more than three dependent children. If these measures were adopted, only 15 per cent. of the women workers who maintained dependants would be left to be dealt with."

Education and the Army. By Colonel LORD GORELL. (Milford. 16s. net.)

THE educational movement in the Army reached considerable dimensions during the year 1918, at a time when the majority of able-bodied men were engaged upon military service, giving to the Army a citizen character and to the movement national significance. The author of this book is an enthusiastic advocate of education, and has spared no effort either of advocacy or of practical endeavor. As Deputy Director of Staff Duties (Education) he was closely associated with the origin and development of the Army scheme, had exceptional opportunities of observing the attitude of the Government, the military authorities, and the soldiers, and was therefore in a position to do useful work and to see important events at close range. During the months succeeding the Armistice a great demand for education spread rapidly among the soldiers. Lord Gorell's book contains abundant evidence of the reality and variety of this demand. It is impossible to doubt that the Army organization which arose to meet it could have been used as the basis of far-reaching reforms in civilian life had the Government possessed the will or capacity to use it. As it is, the establishment of a permanent educational organization within the Army was achieved, in spite of the indifference of the authorities, and in spite of their sudden decision to demobilize the whole of Class 43, which consisted of students and teachers. This decision appears to have been taken, without consulting the Army Educational Authorities, on the day after the issue of the Army Order setting up, on a permanent official basis, the military educational organization, which was not consulted beforehand, nor even informed until after the telegrams to the demobilization staffs had actually been issued. In consequence the scheme was rendered almost unworkable, and the Universities and colleges were suddenly confronted with a deluge of students and teachers, for the teaching of whom they had had no time to prepare. It does not appear to have occurred to those who arrived at this ill-considered decision that the Universities would require time to adapt their organization to the conditions created by the influx of demobilized teachers and students.

V. R. 76: A French Military Hospital. By HAROLD J. RECKITT. (Heinemann. 21s. net.)

THIS record, arranged and edited by Margaret Storrs Turner, tells of a war service of high merit in a manner worthy of that service. Mr. Reckitt, with the assistance of Lady Johnstone, wife of the British Minister at the Hague, inaugurated and organized the Ris Hospital near Paris for wounded French soldiers. The staff was, for the most part, British and American, but many other nations were represented, and during the hospital's three years of work it was under the control of three eminent American surgeons. The greater part of this record is written by Mr. Reckitt, but there are many contributions by other workers at the hospital. A French doctor draws some silhouettes. We see the Director and others one evening at the bridge-table. The game is broken up by the arrival of the wounded. Their injuries are serious and they are exhausted by a long journey. "Their clothes, their hands, and their faces are soiled with mud. The nurses and orderlies set to work, but there are not many of them. The toilet of the wounded takes a long time. Our Director turns back his sleeves and becomes an orderly. Conscientiously he soaps the feet of a huge Zouave. . . . This job finished, he helps the surgeon with the dressing, and then, taking one of the ends of the stretcher, he climbs three flights of stairs, only relinquishing his precious burden when he has seen it comfortably installed in a good bed. Soon, thanks to willing help, the work is finished . . . it is half-past three in the morning, I feel a touch on my arm; it is Mr. Reckitt, who wants to finish his 'three spades.'"

An Introduction to the Psychological Problems of Industry. By FRANK WATTS, M.A. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. WATTS's work is better than a development of "Taylorism," which is merely a device for slavery. It is a human and humane essay. He believes the psychologist should be able to supplement on the human side what has been done on the material side to increase industrial efficiency. Since psychology, when more is known of the science, will deal with the "group life of men and the conditions of its existence and unity," the various schemes "for the reorganization of industry as a group adventure" must call for psychological study. It is a point of criticism that the psychologist in industry, being engaged in discovering the best conditions for securing efficiency, is not concerned with the ethics of labor systems and social conflicts; but Mr. Watts argues that the psychologist is not to be blamed if his discoveries are put to base uses. The conditions and the conflicts are the materials of his study, the data he uses for reaching conclusions about human nature as it functions at present in industry or may be expected to function in improved conditions. The materialism of the Taylor system will defeat its own purpose. The psychologist recognizes that a complete conception of fatigue must take into account the existence of fatigue in the will, the interests, and the creative aspirations, and not solely fatigue of the muscles and nervous system. That we know little of the conditions of the energizing spirit does not rule out its existence as a fact to be studied. "Though we may not know precisely what the more subtle forms of human fatigue are, we may, like the electrician who is ignorant of the real nature of electricity, learn how to deal in action with the phenomena which we still, in theory, fail to understand." Greater efficiency is necessary because a larger and larger output of commodities is essential; "even if Labor were given sole charge of industry to-morrow, progress could only be maintained by an increased adoption of scientific methods of work." Even Lenin has spoken of "Taylorism" with recognition of its advantages in an equitable system. Mr. Watts examines and describes the experiments made in the elimination of fatigue by motion study, intelligence tests for vocations, scientific management and the Labor attitude towards it, and the causes of industrial unrest. His views are enlightened by sympathetic understanding of the aspirations of the workers, and of new ideas in industrial and social organization.

The March towards Socialism. By EDGARD MILHAUD.
(Parsons. 8s. 6d. net.)

M. MILHAUD's is a book of small importance to English readers. Even in France its value is not clearly apparent. The Socialist conclusion can be drawn from the facts of industrialism in our own country. Statistics are interesting only in their significance, and we need not go to France to learn the facts of the distribution of wealth. Capitalist exploitation is fundamentally the same in all countries. The nature of individual enterprise, joint stock companies, monopolies, the raising of prices and the restriction of consumption by trusts, &c., have been described in hundreds of books. This French treatise has nothing new to say on these matters. As for experiments in State Socialism during the war, we had our own experience. The transformation from Capitalist to co-operative production and the realization of industrial democracy do not present many difficulties to M. Milhaud, but he does not advance any convincing arguments to justify his optimism.

From the Publishers' Table.

MR. BYRNE HACKETT, of the Brick Row Bookshop, New York, who has lately been staying in London, is about to establish a branch of his business at Princeton. Mr. Hackett tells us that the depression in bookbuying rumored from America is no fiction. For certain books, such as the early editions of Suckling, there is practically no market. Besides being a bookseller in the finest tradition, Mr. Hackett is the owner of a remarkable collection of Johnsoniana.

WE gather that the Fitzwilliam Museum has denied itself the accession of Wilfred Owen's MSS. These were offered with the sole slight stipulation that they should be exhibited for one week of each year. The authorities at first imagined that Owen was a living poet, and we profoundly wish he was; we think that the day will come when these manuscripts will be of the first importance. Even now, are the original drafts of some of the strongest poetry produced by a mere European war not worth having at a gift?

AT Birmingham Public Library the war is commemorated by a large collection of its poetry, presented by a donor who remains anonymous. A catalogue has been published. If the collector has not achieved his object of accumulating all the war poetry of ourselves and our Allies, he has gone far towards it. He has included, besides anthologies and individual poets, some works of criticism.

IN the "South African Quarterly" for June Professor John Clark, of Capetown University, continues his study of Thomas Pringle, perhaps not the least of the by-way poets who curiously extended the Romantic revival. A simple lucidity and lively coloring distinguish Pringle's best work. He aims at no difficult mark, but Professor Clark's sensible reconsideration proves him a better poet than most of those who adorned his annual, "Friendship's Offering."

WE hear that the verse-reading public is somewhat impatient for another book by Mr. Sassoon, who has published no volume in this country since "Counter-attack." It is much to be hoped that Mr. Sassoon will not delay to collect the satirical and analytical pieces, with their peculiar imaginative quality, which have been appearing in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM and elsewhere.

AT last, then, the locks of hair which Leigh Hunt collected—why does he fail to mention them in the "Autobiography"?—have left his family. It is a question whether anyone will again collect such mementoes: the early nineteenth century was a more easily fascinated age. Still, one hears stories of visits casually paid to Mr. Hardy's hairdresser in the early twentieth.

MESSRS. DOBELL's 303rd catalogue includes a large number of books by and about Byron, who is not at all

popular with the booksellers just now. The prices asked are small. There is also a section of manuscripts: one, a long history of the Medici family, believed to be unpublished, and another, a treatise on occultism by Dr. Robert Fludd, 1573-1637, who has had the reputation of being the "immediate father" of Freemasonry.

THE new list from Mr. Thorp, of Guildford, is largely occupied with local classics and others—books like Baker's "Northampton" and Horsfield's "Sussex." Who would not covet "An Excursion to Brighthelmston made in 1789 by Henry Wigstead and Thomas Rowlandson"? The pity is that our Rowlandsons are scarce and costly (this volume is priced at £21 10s.). In an ideal State, they should be free to all admirers.

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: A POETIC ENTHUSIAST, I.

THERE are in existence scrapbooks of verse and prose innumerable. The one before us was apparently filled in the year 1821. The snapper-up of trifles was uncertain, at first, whether the book should contain gems of art or gems of literature; but possibly the illustrations are by another hand. They occupy only a dozen pages; and then we at once find ourselves in calmer seas with the unknown's "Water-Nymph":—

"Nymphs of Aquatic Taste. . ."

This is, at any rate, equal to Lamb's famous opening "Hail, Mackery End!" But our poet finds no difficulty in proceeding, and with tolerable success, through "Fountfull Dells and wave-worn valleys"; he marks how—

"Her playful Sea Horse woos her soft Commands,
Turns his quick ears, his webbed claws expands,"

or later listens to the mermaid (or Shakespeare's mermaid), what time—

"Night's Shadowy Forms along the Margin gleam,
With pointed ears, or dance upon the stream;
The Moon transported stays her bright career,
And Maddening Stars shoot headlong from the Sphere."

Excellent, though probably pirated. From the coral grots and the merrows since hailed by Mr. Masfield, we are whisked away; scarcely catching a glimpse of Adonis on Lebanon, we find ourselves eyeing Love's indignant Lion reined with ribbons on flowery Ida; we pass in easy style a miscellany of gods and goddesses, then peep at the Feast of Ahasuerus;

"A Globe of Gold rayed with a pointed crown
Formed in the midst almost a real Sun."

Then comes Garrick with his silly transparency of soft-flowing Avon, and Shakespeare surrounded with fairies, love-stricken maidens, swains, swans, and other properties. From this trumpery, we are taken to Merlin's Cave, borne on whose verse?—but Spenser has never been inaccessible. Emerging from the "hideous hollow Cave (they say)," we are reassured by Dr. Bentley: there are worse situations:—

"Who travels in Religious Jars
Truth mixt with Error shades with Rays:
Like Whiston wanting Pyx or Stars
In Ocean wide or sinks or strays."

At length our anthologist, who shares the voluptuous elegance which inspired Beckford and was to characterize the whole period, quite exhausts us with his determined classicism. It is a relief to return to a remote scenery again; to have some first-hand information of the "Bohon-Upas, the Poison Tree of Java":—

"Where seas of Glass with gay Reflections smile,
Round the green coasts of Java's palmy isle. . ."

There, no prospect pleases.

"No spicy Nutmeg scents the vernal gales,
Nor towering Plaintain shares the midday vales."

"Fell Upas sits," a sort of malevolent octopus in wood; snatches the (proud) Eagle, surrounds itself with human skeletons. The whole concluding with an excellent comparison to Time and mortal enterprise.

Science.

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

THE most exciting and fruitful periods in the history of science are those periods when it seems to have reached a deadlock, when further progress appears impossible because unquestionably rigorous investigations have reached contradictory results. These occasions are rare, and it is unfortunate that they pass unperceived by those people who are eager to proclaim the "bankruptcy" of science. For in each case they have been magnificently resolved, and, supposing science to have been previously interred with the proper funeral pomp, the dazzling resurrection would have profoundly impressed the popular mind and earned for science an added prestige. But such states of suspended animation have hitherto been known only to faithful friends, and the wonderful phenomenon of returning life has been no public miracle, but merely an occasion of quiet joy and thanksgiving to a humble few. The last great healer was Einstein. The fact that motion is relative to the observer, an indisputable fact that lay at the base of the Newtonian dynamics, and the equally indisputable fact that Michelson and Morley had found that the velocity of light did not vary with the motion of the observer, presented an awkward dilemma. An explanation was invoked, it is true—a somewhat arbitrary explanation. The figure twitched and jerked with a fair semblance of life, but it was only at Einstein's touch that it regained its natural motion and fresh bloom. These crises are the opportunities for the great scientific genius who can question the obvious and the indisputable, and penetrate one layer deeper than the level of the contemporary scientific stream. At that level the contradictions are "resolved in a higher unity," a phrase the philosophers are fond of, but which sometimes has a meaning.

But the crisis of 1905, although serious, never looked liked being fatal. As we have said, an explanation had been immediately improvised. FitzGerald suggested that all bodies contract, in a certain ratio, in the direction of their motion, and there was Lorentz's impressive mathematics to back the Irishman's imagination. It was an *ad hoc* hypothesis at the time it was made, but it kept off the vultures. But at the present time we are in the presence of what looks like a much more hopeless case. It has led Professor Eddington to make dark suggestions about the possibility of a finally "irrational" universe, a universe before which all our magnificent mathematical armory becomes powerless. Professor Sir William Bragg, with a superb indifference to exhibiting signs of weakness, has recently made this mystery the subject of the Boyle Lecture at Oxford.* The apparently insoluble contradiction under discussion arises when we investigate the relations between wave and corpuscular radiation.

The phenomena of corpuscular radiation have been comparatively little studied in science, although Newton's theory of light was a corpuscular theory. But the rival wave theory, as developed by Huyghens, Fresnel, Young, and a host of great nineteenth-century mathematical physicists, proved so incomparably more powerful and satisfactory that it was universally adopted. In such a work as Whittaker's "History of Theories of the Æther" we find an unsurpassable record of intellectual achievement, and practically the whole of this work is concerned with wave radiation. The history of corpuscular radiation, on the other hand, is comparatively recent. It originates, as a systematic and powerful inquiry, with the discovery of electrons. Corpuscular radiations are, comparatively, rarely observed, and one reason for this is pointed out by Professor Bragg. Unless an electron is moving at least 600 miles a second, it does not get very far. It sticks to the first atom it meets. The conditions necessary to make the flight of electrons apparent have only recently been realized, whereas wave radiation has been observable for centuries. But it is now possible to produce either sort of radiation at will, and consequently to investigate the relations between

them. It is these relations which furnish the most startling problems in modern physics.

When light, especially light of short wave-length, falls on a substance, it liberates electrons from it. In particular, when the very short wave-lengths associated with X-rays are employed, the effect is greatly intensified. The relations between the X-rays and the liberated electrons can be studied in detail. The relations to be investigated are, of course, quantitative relations; in the case of the waves we require to know their wave-lengths and their amplitudes or intensities, and in the case of the electrons we require to know their number and their velocities. We have to find the relations between these four quantities. We find the unexpected results that the velocity of the electron depends only on the wave-length, and the number of the electrons depends on the intensity, but not on the wave-length. The relation between the wave-length of the X-ray and the velocity of the electron happens to be extremely simple. The frequency of the wave, that is to say the number of wave-lengths that pass a given point in a second, is equal to the energy of the electron multiplied by a certain constant quantity. The converse relation holds good. If a stream of electrons, to which a certain velocity has been given, is directed against a material substance, ether waves will be called into existence at the points of impact. The frequency of these waves will be related to the energy of the incident electrons in the manner given above. These waves, therefore, if directed against a substance, will give rise to electrons having the velocity of the electrons that produced the waves.

This is the extraordinary fact which seems, at present, to be quite inexplicable. Professor Bragg gives a useful analogy which enables us to see how extraordinary a fact it is. He asks us to suppose that a log of wood is dropped into the sea from a height of 100 feet. Here the log of wood is our incident electron; at the moment of impact it generates waves radiating out from it. As the waves spread the energy becomes more and more widely distributed and the ripples grow smaller and smaller. Suppose that the energy of the wave is not frittered away by the viscosity of the water, or through any other cause, and we can imagine that, at a distance of 1,000 miles, there would still be extremely minute ripples. Suppose now, at this distance, a ripple encounters a wooden ship. What we have now to imagine, to make the analogy complete, is that the incidence of the ripple causes one of the ship's timbers suddenly to fly 100 feet up in the air. Such a result is manifestly incredible. Where does the energy come from necessary to produce this effect, and why is the velocity of the timber so exactly related to that of the log which was dropped 1,000 miles away? This, in essentials, is the problem that confronts us when we study the relation between wave and corpuscular radiation. It is difficult to exaggerate the extent to which our most ingrained habits of thought are violated by this inexplicable transference of energy. We may speculate, of course; indeed, speculation is inevitable. We may regard the incidence of the ripple as a "trigger" effect, a slight shock liberating energy already stored up in the atom. But then the atom must possess a large number of such explosive charges, proportioned to the various wave-lengths it may encounter. And, if the intervention of the atom is the key to the mystery, why is the effect independent of the nature of the atom? For whether the atom be an atom of copper, oxygen, or what not, does not affect the result. It might be thought that, by imagining the effect not to be quite simultaneous with the arrival of the wave, we could allow the atom time to collect sufficient energy from successive ripples to shoot out the electron. But this is a matter which can be calculated, and it can be shown that, on this hypothesis, months would be required to produce effects which are observed to be instantaneous.

Such, in its essentials, is the main problem. There are further complications when the matter is investigated in detail, and the reader will find some of them very lucidly described in Professor Bragg's pamphlet. So far, not even an approximate explanation can be found; it is a great opportunity for the scientific genius.

S.

* "Electrons and Ether Waves." By Prof. Sir William Bragg. (Oxford University Press. 1s. net.)

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Negatives and Positives

ANOMALIES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

The world is full of anomalies which serve to make it interesting, irritating, alluring and infuriating.

A decade ago one could meander through life knowing without inquiry the exact price of food and shelter. There existed then in England the highest standard of commercial morality in the world. Honesty was not merely a principle but a code. Now Honesty is a stranger and Avarice rules in its place. And when Honesty appears it is in the garb of humility, as if apologising for its foolishness.

And so prices vary amazingly and are controlled usually by one doctrine; exaction to the extent of the victim's capacity, with no sense of proportion in values or in costs. Let me give a few anomalies which I have personally experienced.

A charmingly furnished cottage with ten rooms and garage on the beach in Sussex costs me £5 5s. per week, but my room at a hotel in the West End, inartistically furnished and without bathroom, costs me 30s. a night, or £10 10s. a week.

But my affection for the simple life is disturbed by the fact that while soles can be purchased at 1s. 2d. per pound in town, when I buy the fish alive from the boat the fisherman charges me 2s. per pound. And fresh butter which is sold at 1s. 8d. per pound in London, costs 3s. when purchased from the farm near by. Still, I get a little back on wine, for the local merchant, deploring the bad times, pussfootism, livers and the Liquor Control Board, offers me Moët 1911 at 12s. 6d. a bottle, while the Restaurants continue to charge 30s. or 35s.

Returning to town, I am again bemused to understand why I am charged 7s. 6d. or 8s. 6d. for lunch and about 21s. for a precisely similar meal order *à la carte* at dinner. (Ex, of course, liquid refreshments, which is where the real profit—and shock—come in.)

Little plessantries, such as smoked salmon at 5s. a shave, and dismembered grape-fruit with an innocuous sliver of maraschino at 2s. 6d. a half, add, of course, to the gaiety of the banquet. Even though grape-fruit can be bought from the greengrocer at 8d. per two halves. These anomalies do inspire an outraged snort if one is dining with a man, and a pose of munificent oblivion if one is entertaining a lady.

But there is one bright spot in the arid West. At the Embassy Club, Luigi, the Epicurious wizard, entices the delicate appetite with a charming lunch at the virtuous charge of 7s. 6d., and, within the flight of an arrow, at one of the most famous hotels in the world, one finds the antithesis, plus margarine and foreign meat—which is inexcusable, enraging and disastrous in policy.

Virtue is, on rare occasions, appreciated. And since, despite the universal slump, my house has made more suits in 1921 than in 1920, it is evident that the buying public is the best criterion of value. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d. Overcoats from £3 8s.

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The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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HAMBRO'S BANK OF NORTHERN COMMERCE.

THE ninth annual meeting of Hambro's Bank of Northern Commerce was held on the 21st inst., Sir Everard Hambro, K.C.V.O., the Chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said in the course of his address: The accounts cover a whole year's trading of the British Bank of Northern Commerce Ltd., which, on its amalgamation with Messrs. C. J. Hambro & Son, became Hambro's Bank of Northern Commerce Ltd., and this amalgamation at the date of the report had been in operation for five months. A special dividend of 17½ per cent. up to October 31st was declared to the old shareholders of the British Bank of Northern Commerce. Similarly, Messrs. C. J. Hambro & Son took the profits earned by their firm up to that date. The profit and loss account therefore contains seven months' working of the British Bank of Northern Commerce, and five months' working of the joint concern. These profits, after paying all expenses, amount to £346,932 17s. 7d. From this has to be deducted income tax, stamp duty on new capital, reserve for corporation tax, 17½ per cent. interim dividend already paid, and £100,000 to write down all our securities, other than 1922-1923 National War Bonds, to market prices. We now propose a dividend of 5 per cent., leaving £73,787 to be carried forward. Business has not been so active, but all things considered we are quite satisfied by the progress we are making. During the past few months it has gradually become clear that the retention of the words "Northern Commerce" is prejudicial to the Bank's business in southern and overseas countries. Your Board have therefore unanimously decided that in the interest of the Bank its name had better be altered and abbreviated to "Hambro's Bank Ltd." The report and accounts were adopted, and a final dividend of 5 per cent. for the year, free of income tax, was declared, payable on and after the 22nd inst.

At a subsequent extraordinary meeting the proposal to change the name to Hambro's Bank Ltd., was approved.

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VIENNA UNIVERSITY wants Saintsbury's "The English Novel," and many other books. WILL YOU HELP? Donations of money or books will be gratefully acknowledged by B. M. HEADICAR, Hon. Sec., London School of Economics, Clare Market, W.C.2.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

Alexander (S.). Spinoza and Time: Fourth Arthur Davis Memorial Lecture. 64 pp. Allen & Unwin, 1/- paper, 2/6 cl. n.

Cross (Albert Francis). The Art of Life as revealed by Poets, Mystics, and Philosophers. 7x5. 64 pp. Daniel, 2/- n.

RELIGION.

Hart (Rev. Charles). A Shorter Bible History, Old and New Testament, for the Use of Catholic Students. 7x5. 363 pp., maps. Burns & Oates, 3/6 n.

Love of the Sacred Heart. 7x4. 236 pp., 11. Burns & Oates, 6/- n.

Religion of the Scriptures. Papers from the Catholic Bible Congress held at Cambridge, July 16-19, 1921. Ed. by Rev. C. Lattey, S.J. 7x5. 114 pp. Cambridge, Heffer, 5/6 n.

Spiritual Teaching of Father Sebastian Bowden, of the London Oratory. With Introductory Memoir. Ed. by the Fathers of the Oratory. 7x4. 163 pp. Burns & Oates, 6/- n.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

Chung (Henry). The Case of Korea: a Collection of Evidence on the Japanese Dominion of Korea. 8x5. 367 pp. New York, Fleming H. Revell.

Grotius Society Publications. 8. Texts illustrating the Constitution of the supreme Court of the United States and the Permanent Court of International Justice. Intro. by Hugh H. L. Bellot (Rhodes Lectures). 8x5. 64 pp. Sweet & Maxwell, 2/6 n.

House Property and its Management. Some papers on the Methods of Management introduced by Miss Octavia Hill and adapted to Modern Conditions. 7x4. 96 pp. Allen & Unwin, 3/6 n.

Kawabe (Kisaburo). The Press and Politics in Japan. 7x5. 203 pp. Illinois, Univ. of Chicago Press, 82.

Lomas (Montagu). The Experiences of an Asylum Doctor. With suggestions for Asylum and Lunacy Law Reform. 8x5. 255 pp. Allen & Unwin, 12/6 n.

Macdonald (J. N.). A Political Escapade: the Story of Plume and D'Annunzio. 8x5. 176 pp. Murray, 6/- n.

Tannenbaum (Frank). The Labor Movement: its Conservative Functions and Social Consequences. 8x5. 277 pp. Putnam, 15/- n.

Varga (E.). Die Krise der kapitalistischen Weltwirtschaft. 8x5. 64 pp. Hamburg, Karl Hoyer.

White (E. M.). The Philosophy of Citizenship: an Introduction to Civics for Adults. 7x5. 128 pp. Allen & Unwin, 4/6 n.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

*Crawford (O. G. S.). Man and His Past. 8x5. 227 pp., 11. Milford, 10/6 n.

*Fabre (J. H.). Souvenirs Entomologiques: Quatrième Série. 10x6. 359 pp., pl. Paris, Delagrave.

MEDICAL.

Freud (Sigmund). Delusion and Dream: an Interpretation in the Light of Psycho-analysis of "Gradiva," a Novel by Wilhelm Jensen, here translated. Tr. by Helen M. Downey. 8x5. 213 pp. Allen & Unwin, 12/6 n.

FINE ARTS.

Helm (W. H.). Homes of the Past: a Sketch of Domestic Buildings and Life in England from the Norman to the Georgian Age. 59 pls. by A. C. Chappelow. 11x9. 155 pp. Lane, 42/- n.

*Proper (W. A.). The Russian Ballet in Western Europe, 1909-20. With a Chapter on the Music by Eugène Goossens, and 63 pls. from Original Drawings. 13x12. 144 pp. Lane, 126/- n.

MUSIC.

Zeitgenössische Komponisten. I. Richard Strauss. By H. W. v. Waltershausen. 126 pp.—II. Max Reger. By H. Unger. 100 pp.—III. Friedrich Klose. By H. Knappe. 140 pp.—V. Hermann Zilcher. By H. Oppenheim. 114 pp.—VI. Heinrich Kaspar Schmid. By H. Roth. 129 pp. 8x5. 144 pp. Munich, Drei Masken Verlag, 7m. each.

LITERATURE.

Bahr (Hermann). Bilderbuch. 7x5. 213 pp. Vienna, Literarische Anstalt, 26kr.

Bahr (Hermann). Summuia. 8x5. 221 pp. Leipzig, Insel-Verlag, Kurze Strasse, 7.

Burgin (G. B.). Memoirs of a Clubman. 8x5. 287 pp. Hutchinson, 16/- n.

Chapman (William Hall). A Critical Review of the Shakspeare Mortuary Male-diction and the Seventeen-Foot Grave. 8x5. 33 pp. Los Angeles, California, W. H. Chapman, 1729, Hudson Ave.

Dante, 1321-1921. Essays in Commemoration by Viscount Bryce, Professor Benedetto Croce, Dr. Paget Toynbee, Laurence Binyon, and others. 9x6. 255 pp., 11. Univ. of London Press, 12/6 n.

Edschmid (Kasimir). Die Doppelköpfige Nymphe: Aufsätze über die Literatur und die Gegenwart. 7x5. 239 pp. Berlin, Paul Cassirer, 10m.

*Loeb Classical Library. Apollodorus, The Library. Tr. by Sir James G. Frazer. 2 vols. 462, 546 pp.—Herodotus. Tr. by A. D. Godley. Vol. II. Books III. and IV. 434 pp.—Plutarch's Lives. Tr. by Bernadotte Perrin. Vol. X. Agis and Cleomenes; Tiberius and Calus Gracchus; Philopoemen; and Flamininus. 403 pp.—Quintilian. Tr. by M. E. Butler. Vol. II. 531 pp.—Xenophon, Hellenica. Books VI. and VII.: Anabasis, Books I.-III. Tr. by Carleton L. Brownson. 8x4. Heinemann, 10/- each.

Ransome (Arthur). The Soldier and Death. A Russian Folk-Tale. 7x4. 22 pp. John G. Wilson, 77, Queen Street, E.C. 4, 1/-.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Edschmid (Kasimir). Kean: Schauspiel in fünf Akten nach Alexandre Dumas. 9x7. 75 pp. Berlin, W. 62, Erich Reiss, 22m.

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Hurrell (John Weymouth). Time and Place. 7x5. 96 pp. Elliot Stock, 5/- n.

Ivan (Wil). Songs of the Heather Heights. 5x4. 87 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 2/- n.

Nichols (Wallace B.). Jericho Street; and Selected Poems. 7x5. 112 pp. Grant Richards, 5/- n.

Prewett (Frank). Poems. 9x5. 18 pp. Richmond, Surrey, Hogarth Press, 5/-.

Rubinstein (H. F.) and Bax (Clifford). Shakespeare. A Play in five episodes. Pref. by Prof. A. W. Pollard. 7x5. 117 pp. Benn Bros., 5/- n.

Thompson (James Westfall). The Lost Oracles. A Masque. 9x6. 154 pp. Chicago, Walter M. Hill, 22, East Washington Street, \$7.50.

*Willis (George). A Ballad of Four Brothers. 7x4. 43 pp. Allen & Unwin, 2/- paper, 5/6 cl.

Young (A. J.). Boaz and Ruth, and other Poems. 7x5. 31 pp. John G. Wilson, 77, Queen Street, E.C. 4, 2/-.

FICTION.

Andreiev (Leonid). And it came to pass that the King was Dead. 46 pp. 2/6 n.—His Excellency the Governor. 96 pp. 3/6 n. 7x5. Daniel.

Briscoe (Walter A.). Cricket Love and Humor: Tales told of Balls Bowled. 7x4. 153 pp. Grafton, 2/6 n.

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Tedesco (Jean). Le Vigneron dans la Cuve. 7x4. 211 pp. Paris, Crès, 6fr.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

Calcutta University. Journal of the Department of Letters. Vol. IV. 8x5. 362 pp., pl. Calcutta, The University.

Cambridge Antiquarian Society. Proceedings, October, 1917-May, 1920. With Communications made to the Society. No. LXX. 9x5. 134 pp., pl. Cambridge, Leighton, Bell (Bell), 15/- n.

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BIOGRAPHY.

Nicholas (Martha), ed. The Autobiography of George Nichols, a Salem Shipmaster and Merchant. 7x5. 127 pp., 11. Boston, Mass., Four Seas Company, \$2.50.

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WAR.

Gray's Inn. The War Book of Gray's Inn: containing Names and Biographical Notices. Pref. by Viscount Birkenhead. 9x7. 130 pp., pl. R. Clay & Sons.

REFERENCE BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

Anglers' Diary, 1921. Ed. by H. T. Sheringham. 7x4. 274 pp. Field Press, 5/- n.

Ireland. The National University of Ireland Calendar, 1921. 7x4. 401 pp. Dublin, Thom & Co.

Statesman's Year-Book, 1921. Ed. by Sir J. Scott Keltie and M. Epstein. 7x4. 1586 pp., maps. Macmillan, 20/- n.

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